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#5035-z
HENRY T. BAHNSON PAPERS

Notebook

Folder 1 of 3

This volume contains blank pages that were not numbered or filmed.

Baby Ruth.

To my children Dear:

You have often begged me to tell you about the war, and doubtless you have wondered why I nearly always refused. The truth is, I have tried for nearly thirty years to forget the part I took in it. I feared too to disappoint your expectations, for your notions of it are so far totally from truth; but perhaps it is best that the erroneous opinions you have formed, partly from your own preconceptions, and more from the glowing descriptions of campaigns and battles in magazine articles and historical works, written for the most part by men who never took part in them, should be corrected.

Let it be first understood that the pride and pomp and glory of war is felt only by the holiday soldier or the well dressed, well fed and fully "equipped"

soldier, who probably never marched
more than ten miles over good roads [2]
in pleasant weather, carried an umbrella
over him when it rained, shot his gun
at a target, strutted before the ladies
on parade, and perhaps got somewhat
overheated in a sham battle.

soldier, who probably never marched
more than ten miles over good roads [2]
in pleasant weather, carried an umbrella
over him when it rained, shot his gun
at a target, strutted before the ladies
on parade, and perhaps got somewhat
exhausted in a sham battle,

It is not my intention to preach a sermon, but I trust the effect of what I may say this may bear similar fruit. Your State Board of Health has no secrets to reveal, sanitation, to its finest minutiae, its principles, its rules, its practice are matters for public knowledge.

300. ✝ milk

Cream

When you are informed of the varying conditions and surroundings of the jails and county homes in North Carolina, you will appreciate the magnitude the impossibility of applying any; even the most latitudinarian, set of rules for the improvement of their sanitary condition. We have jails in towns with excellent water supplies, and ample sewerage arrangements, but the majority of our jails are practically in the country, where water is procured from a well, or even a more or less distant spring. We have jails of wood and iron, of brick and wood with iron gratings, and again there are one or more built of stone. Some are heated by stoves, some by furnaces, and others are really not heated at all. While a few are well ventilated, the greater number have only such exchange of air as is afforded by open doors or windows. Most of them are dark, unwholesome

structures, and in many of them there is positive suffering on the part of their unhappy inmates. There is no house of detention in the State — consequently many of our people charged with crime, who on trial may prove to be innocent must suffer alike with the guilty. The establishment of the jailor is usually made by the sheriff of the county. The pay is small, and is usually supplemented by what he can save out of the allowance allowed by the Commissioners for feeding his prisoners. While I would not like to charge any of our jailors with gross inhumanity, the temptation to skimp prisoners in their food is deplorably strong. The inmates of a jail are so entirely in the power of the jailor that they would hardly venture to complain of coarse, poorly prepared & insufficient food, or of suffering from neglect in other directions. In some cases doubtless the sheriff conscientiously

supervises the administration of his
deputies, and there is an occasional
perfunctory inspection by the County Commrs.
The paramount idea of duty entertained
by these gentlemen is to conduct the affairs
of the county on the most economical basis
So long as prisoners are safely kept
and their state of health does not compel
them to pay for much for medical attendance
they are usually easy to satisfy.

The modern jail, with which our counties
are being gradually furnished, consists of
a chilled iron or steel cage built up
inside, but independent of the surrounding
brick or stone walls. It is destitute
of what we ordinarily call furniture. The
prisoners are supplied with one or more
blankets each, and sleep on hammocks
slung to the bars and arranged in tiers
like the bunks in an emigrant vessel.
If they wish to sit down they must squat
on the iron floor of the cell, whose narrow

limits of course preclude the possibility [7]
of walking or other exercise. While this arrangement admits of easy inspection, and affords ideal opportunities for cleanliness, we find that the average jailor, satisfied that his prisoners can not escape, practically abandons them to their own devices, and the poor wretches are often crowded to the point of suffocation in this comfortless cage.
The necessity for exercise, fresh air

Yard

Road working.

Guard

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The necessity for exercise [illegible]

Guard

Road working.

Guard

Sick and in Prison

War is the incarnation of activity. Whatever retards the movements of an army or in any way clogs its efficiency, is necessarily regarded with impatience, and ruthlessly cast out of the way. A dead man takes only a short time to bury and needs no further attention, but a sick man interferes much more seriously with the work of his command, by taking his comrades from their duty. Consequently he is shipped to the nearest hospital without delay.

I was picketing on the Rappahannock when I was taken with a chill, violent pains all over my body, and such prostration that I was unable to stand at my post. Two of my comrades returned

with me to camp. With all the assistance they freely rendered, every step was a fresh torture, and it took me six hours to go four miles. I was out of my head that night, and next morning was carried in an ambulance to Orange C. H., and put upon a train. Between twenty and thirty sick men, were laid side by side in a freight car, with nothing but our blanket or oil cloth between us and the floor. For a pillow we used a shoe or a haversack. After shifting backward and forward a considerable we started over the rough track, and towards evening reached Charlottesville. The water in our canteens was by this time exhausted, and all of us were suffering from thirst, which was greatly aggravated by the smoke and cinders that blew into the open door of the car from a wood burning locomotive. Not one of us was

able to get out of the car, and there was no one to help us. After some delay our train was moved so that we lay in front of the campus of the Univ. of Va. It was April and the buds were swelling, and the tender green grass covered the ground. How I longed to exchange the grimy car and its hard rough floor, for that soft fresh sod! My mind was clouded with the fever, but the beautiful picture made an indelible impression on my memory. We attracted the attention of a passing darkey, who kindly filled our canteens for us. I must have been unconscious during the night, for I waked up towards morning and found my nose bleeding, and both eyes bruised and swollen nearly shut, and was told that one of our number in his delirium had walked over me, and jumped off the car. We were unloaded at Lynchburg and laid in an open shed, until we could be

examined by the doctors. I was put [11]
in an ambulance and taken to Paces tobacco
factory, which had been converted into a hos-
pital. It was crowded, and I was put
into a bed from which a dead man was
taken, while I lay waiting upon the floor.
Everything in this world is comparison, judgedby
and I remember how delightfull and
luxurious that straw bed appeared
to me. I must have sunk into un-
consciousness soon after my arrival
at the hospital. When I awoke
it was night. A single candle was
spluttering somewhere in the maze
of joists that upheld the low ceiling
of the large room and a confused
sound of voices filled the air.
Some were chattering or muttering in delirium, some
foraying, some groaning in agony,
others crying aloud or calling for water, and
occasionally a deep oath completed
the resemblance of the place to a pandemonium.
I was dimly conscious of all this, when

I noticed a tickling, as of something crawling over my face. Slowly and with great effort I moved my tremulous hand up to my cheek, and picked off a flat insect. Bringing it to my nose, I realized that it was a bed-bug. This thoroughly aroused me, and I felt about, hunting them, until I had killed a dozen or more on my pillow. After repeated efforts, I got my body erect, with my feet on the floor, and started for the solitary candle, when everything suddenly became a blank. Next morning I found myself again in bed, and the nurse told me I had been delirious eleven days, that it was expected that I would die the foregoing night, and he had found me on the floor, apparently dead, that morning. On that day Mrs. Cabell and her daughter Mrs. Emil Buckner, who had learned of my whereabouts, visited the hospital, bringing some butter-milk and dainties,

they
and had my filthy bed changed.
Everything in the hospital was as
quiet and orderly, that I concluded
my impressions of the night before
sick man's
were only a dream. Nurses and doctors
moved about amongst the hundred or
more beds in the big room, and minister-
ed to the comfort of the miserable occu-
pants. Our faces and hands were washed,
and a sweet faced sister of charity
smoothed my tangled hair, and helped
me brush my teeth. Then, on my promise
to make no further exertion, she read
aloud out of my bible, the 23d Psalm.
I dozed away the day, and was aroused
late in the night by a repetition of the
horrible sights and sounds of the pre-
ceding night. I must have waked earlier,
for six or eight candles fastened against
the wooden posts, were still burning
and I could see gaunt and ghostly
forms moving to and from the closet

and water buckets, and with my eyes and ears I could locate the poor suffering wretches who were crying in vain for relief. The man next to me was gasping, and by the candle above his head, I watched him die. I joined in the general call for the nurse, but there was no response. The long hours passed, at last and just before day, a side door was opened and two women were conducted across the corner of the room and let out of the front door by a couple of men. The latter proved to be the night nurses, who had been carousing in an annex of the factory, while the helpless wretches entrusted to their care, agonized and died as the result of their negligence. The surgeon in charge of the hospital, slept out in town, and refused to believe my report of these scandalous proceedings, but at

length, promised to visit the hospital after midnight. He saw enough to induce him to dismiss the night nurses and place an assistant in the hospital at night. After that things went much better, but the mortality in our ward was fearful to contemplate. That morning four dead bodies were carried out, and during the two weeks of my convalescence three men died in the bed next to mine. In strict justice, however, I ought to state that only the severest cases were put into our ward. Besides the place was totally unfitted for a hospital. It was filthy in the extreme, with no arrangements for heat and ventilation; and all the water used had to be carried from a well in the yard. So crowded was it that there was barely room to pass between the rough plank bunks which were used as beds, and when a bunk was vacated, another

patient was immediately put into the dirty bed. * It is marvellous that any one survived such an ordeal.

* There were no arrangements for bathing — no bath tubs nor hot water, the patients were put into the beds in just as they came, without any change of clothes or bedding. Nearly all had only their blanket or oilcloth they brought with them for sheets and coverings, but with the frequent deaths, the hospital was gradually accumulating a surplus of blankets.

"Where are we at"?

Mr. Secretary:

I note in your last issue that the President of the N. C. Med. Soc'y has informed you that he now resides in Virginia. I infer, because neither you nor he intimates anything to the contrary, that he still regards himself President of the Society. ~~but ought not this question to be judicially determined?~~

Suppose Gov. Carr, cramped for room in the confined boundaries of our state, should take up his abode on the mighty mountain that ~~divides~~ seperates us from Tennessee, and let his redundant mustachios luxuriate over both states, would his domicile not have to be accurately defined, before he would be permitted, ~~in an official capacity~~ ex officio, to name a successor to Senator Marcus Butler, if the latter talks himself to death?

Suppose Judge Clark, infatuated with cheap money in Mexico, and stimulated by the sound money & socialistic paper, should send for his Electric horse, and notify the clerk of the Supreme Court of N.C., that he has taken up his residence in Mexico, would he still be a member of that august body, to which he was unanimously elected?

Would Dr. Thomas remain Pres't of the N.C. Board of Health, if he moved to South Carolina?

Is Dr. R.L. Payne President of the Med. Soc'y of N.C., after he notifies its secretary that his domicile and consequently his citizenship is no longer in N.C.?

Some years ago a member of the Board of Med. Examrs (Dr. Hicks) moved to Virginia a few weeks before the annual meeting. The Board, although Dr. Hicks was present at the meeting, declared his place vacant, and elected his successor.

The last days of the Confederacy, [illegible]
the [illegible] of a private soldier. —
[illegible] very [illegible] the war
[illegible] passed.
[illegible] very few have been heard from;
[illegible] without [illegible], the [illegible]
of campaigns and battles, have come from the
[illegible] or non-participants, who
[illegible] historians. It seems hardly
fair that these should do all the talking
and writing, because without privates there
would have been no officers, and no war
to talk about. Then too, many of the tales
and histories of battles seem very funny
and strange & different from the [illegible]
of a private who was there and took part
in them.

Apparently very few privates survived the war — at least few have been heard from. The glowing accounts of battles and campaigns are given by generals or non-participants who style themselves historians. It seems hardly fair that such should be the case, because without privates there would have been no generals; and no war to talk about. Then too many of these accounts seem very funny and differ strangely from the impressions experienced by one who was there. In choosing for the subject of my address "The last days of the war," I have no desire to parody or contradict any statement made by Gen'l Gordon in his famous lecture on "The last days of the Confederacy." I was in his command, and feel only respect and admiration for the man. I have never heard his lecture, and if in any way I differ from his statements, such discrepancy is doubtless due to the fact that our standpoints of observation differed greatly. He was on horseback — I was afoot.

Before daylight on the morning of Sunday April 1st 1865 I was at the little stream that supplied our camp with water. We were in reserve on the north bank of the Appomattox river, and I had the night before received a permit to visit my friends on the lines to the right of Petersburg. I was industriously scrubbing myself for the occasion, and about to put on my clean under clothes, having made arrangements with one of my comrades to wash the suit I had worn four weeks, when an unexpected interruption occurred. The steady, monotonous firing by the pickets in the rifle pits across the river which we were accustomed to hear all through the night ceased for a moment or two. The ominous silence was followed by an outburst of hoarse huzzas. Borne by the still night air, it came to our quickened ears with alarming distinctness. The dropping fire of musketry deepening into a sullen roar, and broken by the quickly recurring ear splitting crack of field artillery and the jar of bursting shells left no doubt in our minds that our holiday was spoilt, and a big battle

had begun. By the time we had dressed and returned to our camp, marching orders were received, and we donned again our dirty under clothing for three weeks longer. Crossing the river and passing through Petersburg we were halted in a ravine behind the breastworks, and learned that a part of the advanced lines, occupied by Clingman's and Scales' brigades had been carried by assault and many of our comrades captured. The firing was still kept up, and several shells burst over our heads, or rolled and and spun and darted and hissed about our feet in a dreadfully demoralizing way. Then too, wounded men, pale faced and bloody, some on litters, others limping or tottering passing us in crowds, had no tendency to enliven our spirits. Mysteeth were chattering and I could n't keep my legs and arms still, and everybody around me was similarly affected. It was a real relief to be ordered forward. On reaching the reserve line of breastworks we were ordered to take position in a ditch (called a covered way) which led in a slanting and zigzag direction to the advance lines captured

earlier and now held by the enemy. The bottom of the ditch was stiff blue clay, through which the water trickled. Our feet stuck fast in the sticky stuff, and more than once I had to stop and dig out my shoe. Every few steps we came upon a dead man, nearly always shot through the head. When we finally halted, I crawled up on the side of the ditch and carefully peeped over the bank of earth. We were not more than a hundred yards from the enemy, and just in front of us was a battery of five pieces which had been captured, and was now turned against us. The Yankee artillerymen were busily throwing up earth to protect themselves while they handled the guns. Evidently their infantry had difficulty in standing on the outside of our captured breastworks. Their heads would bob up and down like automatons, and their shooting was very wild. One ball however cut my hat brim, and my curiosity subsided. Just then I saw an orderly come into our covered way and give a paper to Col. Leary who commanded our brigade. He directed Maj. Wilson to select three men.

Thirteen of us were detailed to go as close as possible to the battery in front of us and pick off the artillerymen to prevent their firing on the brigade as they charged the breastworks.

We advanced along the ditch some thirty or more yards till we came to a turn which would have exposed us to the direct fire of the battery. Here we halted and commenced firing on the artillerymen. As we were only some sixty yards from them our execution was terrible, and in less than a minute, so many were killed & wounded, that the rest ducked down behind their improvised breastworks. Our firing however, was responded to by the infantry on both sides of the battery, and two of our number were killed. One of them, Bracken Crews, from this county, was next to me. We had made a little furrow with our guns on the top of the ditch bank, and we fired alternately. I had loaded my gun and Crews was apparently leaning his head to one side to take better aim. He was so slow

about firing that I grew impatient, and asked him why he did not shoot. He made no reply, and I pushed him to attract his attention. We were squatting on a narrow ledge, and my push destroyed his balance. Before I could catch him he toppled over, and as his face turned towards me, I saw a bullet hole just between his eyebrows. Our bodies had been touching from foot to shoulder, but not a quiver did I feel when his life so suddenly went out. The killing of my comrade thoroughly aroused the beast in me. The desire for revenge made my aim deliberate, and I felt a fiendish delight as I saw a man sink down or tumble over after my shot. Of course others were firing with me, and I cannot say with certainty that I killed any one, and I thank God now for this possible doubt. But at the time I could have danced with ghoulish glee at the thought that every shot had killed a man. Before I had exhausted my cartridge bag my gun was so foul that I could not ram the cartridge home, and it was no use. I had to hold the percussion cap away from the nipple with the finger

of my left hand to keep the varnished contents from melting. In the meantime our brigade had made an ineffectual charge on the breastworks, and although my little party so crippled the battery that only three of the five guns were fired, many of our men, —

× Even now, I shudder when I recall the frenzy that possessed me on this occasion, and ~~in~~ indeed every battle, when the excitement of conflict had overcome the fear and dread which always preceded it. The consciousness of danger was lost, and with ~~with~~ carnage and death all around, the desire to aid in the carnage became an all-engrossing passion. Every instinct of humanity was obliterated, — the man was transformed into a raging lion or a ravening wolf. Christian people profess pandemonium or horror at a pugilistic contest, and yet publish and encourage war. Having witnessed both, I honestly would characterize a prize fight as the quintessence of enlightened civilization as compared with the debasing brutality of the battle field.

— and after them Maj. Wilson and Lieut Shultz, were wounded or killed by the galling infantry fire from the captured breastworks, and the rest took refuge in our lines further to the right, —

Several men were left behind, and these now came to us and cleaned loaded our guns. Amongst them was a captain, who volunteered to go back and bring us more ammunition, as ours was about exhausted with the continuous firing. He had hardly started, when a shell tore off his arm at the shoulder. He was turned half around by the force of the blow, but recovered himself and walked on. I hastened to his assistance as fast as the sticky mud would let me, and just as I reached him he sank down dead. I went and got the ammunition, and when I returned found another of our men had been killed. Annoyed by our destructive fire, the enemy had concentrated their attention upon us, and from our right and left as well as our front balls and shells literally rained upon us. Fortunately we were protected by the ditch from a direct fire of the artillery although it tore away our bank of earth and nearly buried us, and we [illegible] close [illegible] us. I [illegible] at the angle of the ditch nearest the enemy

happening to glance
and ~~looking~~ down the ditch I saw a party of blue coats within twenty yards of us. The ditch was so narrow they could only walk two abreast, and as they saw me head the two foremost men fired. Of course I dodged behind the angle, and returned their fire. We had nothing to do but hold our guns out in the ditch and shoot down it, which we did for a minute or two, when, their firing having ceased, we looked round, and saw the ditch was clear except for six or eight men lying as they fell.

~~We were now entirely alone in the ditch. All our men had left us, and without orders we did not know what else to do but to stay and continue firing. To stay where we were~~ seemed certain death, so we looked around for some better shelter. Within twenty yards to our left and closer to the enemy was a dismantled fort or rather bastion, part of an abandoned line of breastworks, with embrasures for three guns. To reach it however we had to pass over the level ground, fully exposed to the murderous fire. We chose a moment when several shells had burst around us, and made a dis-

cloud of smoke. One more man was completely torn to pieces by a shell shot down in the attempt, but evidently our movement was unseen, for we had hardly got to our new quarters, when the place we had left was literally torn out of the ground by mortar shells, thrown from batteries half a mile or more away on the enemy's lines. I counted thirteen in the air at one time, all converging to the same spot. [illegible] the [illegible] As the mortars were fired the smoke ascended a hundred or more feet in the air, in the most beautiful rings.

In our new position we were exactly between two heavy batteries. It was some time however before I could realize that we actually saw rifled shells flying through the air. A dark speck would appear, and in a second it had grown into a mass apparently as large as a man's head. As it passed over us, it left us faint and panting for breath in the rarified air.

It was noon when we shifted our quarters, and we remained (nine of us) alone throughout the day and far into the night. We were not hungry, but there was plenty to eat in the haversacks of the dead men about us. The only water to be had was in the ditch – full of dead men and spattered with blood and brains. But how refreshing that water was!

During the day the enemy made several charges on our lines to the right and left. To our right was Fort Harrow, familiarly known as Fort Hell – its counterpart in the enemy's lines, Ft. Gregg (Pickett's) being designated by the soldiers of both armies, Fort Damnation.

Fort Harrow was charged again and again until the ground in front of it was covered with dead and wounded. Finally when the ammunition of its garrison was exhausted it was carried by assault, but even then its brave defenders disputed every inch of ground with the bayonet – the only time I saw this awkward part of a soldier's accoutrement put to any practical and legitimate use during the war.

All day long we shot and were shot at.
My shoulder was so sore from the rebound
of my gun that I had to use my blanket
for a padding. After night fall there
was a slackening of the firing but there
were single balls ... flying about
and shells bursting to make any move-
ment on our part dangerous, so, as we had no orders, we re-
mained where we were. My comrades ~~know-
ing that Genl Grimes had requested Genl
Lee for commission for me as captain of skirmish..~~
looking to me for direction,
I sent a man to the rear to find out
what we should do. He did not return so
with another man I started back, and arranged
that three sharp whistles should be the
signal for the rest to follow us.
After some hours we remarked that the
firing was only from the lines of the enemy
We made straight for the battery behind us, prefer-
ring the chance of being shot, to floundering in
the mud and stumbling over the dead men in
the ditch. We were so stiff that we could not

run, but a few minutes brought us safely to the fort. All was silent inside. We called out but no one replied, so I crawled up through an embrasure, my hand resting on the cannon, and as it came to the breech of the piece, a thrill of awful terror made my knees sink under me. The gun was spiked. As I dropped to the ground, I fell upon a wounded man. Between his groans, he told me that our troops had evacuated the lines two hours before. The sig men we had left behind us responded quickly to our signal, and together we made our way to Petersburg. Every step of the way showed evidences of rapid retreat, and the city was in indescribable confusion. Men, women & children thronged the streets in every sort of deshabille — some drunk and cursing, others praying and wringing their hands. Many houses were open and deserted, and piles of household goods littered the sidewalks. At the R.R. depots, & in the square before Jarrett's hotel, hundreds of bales of cotton were burning. When we reached Pocahontas bridge,

men were pouring turpentine over the planking. We hurried across, and had hardly reached the other side, when with a hiss and a roar, as of a rushing wind, the long structure burst into flames. As we ascended the hill, the light from the burning bridge and the fires in Petersburg brought out the minutest object in glaring distinctness, and when we got to the top, the glow of the fires in Richmond (20 miles away) cast our shadows behind us, while every few minutes the ground trembled and jarred under our feet from the explosions of magazines in the forts along the lines on James river. I fully sympathized with the sentiment expressed by a comrade, that the judgment day had come.

We had been forgotten apparently by our commanders since 8 o'clock in the morning, but a courier was waiting for us at the top of the hill with orders to go to Dunlap Station on the R. & P. R.R. and set fire to the ammunition and supplies stored there, and then rejoin our command on the road leading towards Richmond. We found the large sheds and long trains of cars already burning, and taking only time to spread the fire where cars had

not yet ignited we hurried on, leaving a number of women and children from the surrounding country dragging out clothing and provisions from the burning stores. We had not gone fifty yards before some cars of ammunition exploded. We could see women and children blown about in every direction on the ground, and the air was filled with burning cartridges like shooting stars, the bullets of which rained down on us. We were all bruised about the head and shoulders but for a wonder none of us was seriously hurt, although besides the bullets, many shells exploded or fell around us. As we got back to the Richmond road we could hear again the loud huzzas which announced that the enemy had discovered our retreat and were occupying our lines. We walked on for a short distance, the road seemingly deserted, except for a few stragglers, until we came upon a train of wagons, and we scattered out among them in the hope of getting a ride. I found an ambulance, the driver asleep, and the curtains buttoned down closely on

[illegible]

[35]

the sides and back. Loosening the back curtains,
I passed in, and, made out in the darkness,
two men lying on the bed. They seemed
sound asleep, but the snoring of the nodding driver drowned their breathing, so I cautiously slipped my gun
into the bottom of the ambulance, and
growing bolder, put my hand on the head
of one. It was cold, and his hair was matted
and sticky. His companion was dead also.
By the marks on their collars, I recognized them to be officers.
Finding an old oil cloth on the bottom of
the ambulance, I spread it over them, and
climbing up, lay down between them, without
waking the driver. How long I slept I do not
know but I was awakened way after daylight
by the driver jerking my feet and cursing me
for daring to ride in some General's ambulance. I dont remember
his name, but poor fellow, dead as he was, he
had unintentionally done me a great service,
for my cramped and stiffened limbs would never
have carried me the miles I slept away by
his side.

I found my command, and was immediately
ordered on the skirmish line to repel the
attacks of cavalry on our wagon trains,
never even stopped as she moved

What time we were not running about and shooting at the enemy was occupied in forcing wagons and horses out of the deep mud. A day and night passed without rest or food and we reached Amelia Court House. Here we were drawn up to await an attack I was with the skirmishers, leaning on a fence, at the edge of a grove of large oaks. A lot of caissons and pieces of artillery were brought into the woods, and some artillerymen were cutting the loipes and wheels to pieces with axes. I was so tired I hardly noticed what was going on, when suddenly I found myself lying on my back breathless, with rails piled over me, and I could see wheels and pieces of ammunition chests and great branches of trees sailing through the air away above me. The great pile of ammunition had exploded, whether designedly or not I do not know. One of our skirmishers had a leg broken, and all of us were stunned and bruised but much more damage was done in our line of battle, several hundred yards behind

us.

The enemy did not appear so we skirmishers were sent again to our tiressome task of protecting wagon trains. That night and several nights after we were on rear-guard, and tried ineffectually to keep up the stragglers. They lay a singly or in squads in the woods and fields where they had dropped, dispirited and exhausted and outnumbered us 100 to 1. They had thrown away their guns, and, as they were a useless encumbrance, we left them lying where they were.

In one of our skirmishes with cavalry, I had my blanket on my shoulder ruined by a ball which cut and tore it nearly in two. Another time as I was stooping the shank of my shoe was cut through by a ball, and the bottom of my foot was badly bruised. My knee was jerked up, striking my chin and causing me to bite my tongue most painfully. For a minute I thought I was wounded all over. Later i.o.w., I, however, I got another blanket. Some cavalrymen that we had driven away from the wagons, made a stai

[38]

at a house on a little hill beyond a large field, and as we advanced over the field ~~[illegible]~~, one of them shot at me sixteen times with his carbine. I had no protection, and I danced about pretty lively, dodging his balls. but I managed to load my gun in the meantime, and just as he turned his horse broadside, I sent my bullet through his thigh and killed his horse. His comrades helped him off, but on his saddle I found a good blanket to make good my loss. The cavalry still hung around, and we found that they had forced the lady of the house to make breakfast for them. While some of us fought them off, the rest of us enjoyed their breakfast — the only meal we had the whole way from Petersburg to Appomattox C.H. The kitchen in which we ate had a window between the fireplace and the table, and doubtless in revenge for the loss of their breakfast, the cavalry-men kept up a constant fire at that window but that brave woman never even stooped as she moved from to & fro before the falls

the fire to the table.

Finally we came to Sailor's creek. The narrow bridge over it had broke down, and hundred of wagons were parked in the bottom lands waiting for it to be repaired. The Yankees were pressing us hotly with infantry and artillery. Genl John B. Gordon rallied 3 or 4 hundred of the rear guard to protect the wagons. We formed a horseshoe with the curve to the front, and by his orders held our fire until the enemy charging on both sides were only a few yards away. Then we fired. Such destruction I never saw. Nearly way many in front of us was on the ground, but a good many were playing off, because we saw them jump up and join the fresh regiments which came up to a second charge. We repeated our tactics and drove them back with heavy loss, but in the meanwhile they had brought up their artillery, and Genl Gordon gave us orders to save ourselves, he showing us the way, by galloping his horse round the hill, and

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fording the creek. How I got across I don't know, but I dropped down dead tired half way up the hill on the other side. The enemy was with me as soon as we recovered a little, we fired on the enemy who were plundering the captured wagon train. We felt pretty safe, but almost immediately a shell hurtled right over our heads, and before we could tumble into a convenient gully several more followed. It was nearly night, so we lay still till we could creep away in the darkness, and join our comrades. Sometime during the night we crossed a stream on a bridge just below the high bridge near Farmville. We had just dropped down to rest, when the skirmishers were ordered to cross the high bridge and repel a night attack. It was only a feint, and a few shots drove back the enemy. We returned only to be ordered back a second time. We found no enemy so we started back to the Farmville side again. The floor of the bridge was planked over, and on each side was protected by parapets breast high. A panic ensued behind us,

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and in a moment the bridge was a mass of wriggling humanity, wedged so tightly that movement or even breathing seemed impossible. Several were trodden under foot and one man I saw forced up above our shoulders, cling for a moment to the parapet, and with a wild scream disappear over the side. Those of us who got over safe dropped on the ground for an hour's rest, from which we were awakened at daylight by the shells of the enemy. We retreated to Farmville where we found the remains of our army. Some packages of French soup material done up in tin foil were being issued — the only rations we received in the seven days of the retreat. I got a package of dried onions about as large as my two fingers, and was rounding in disdainfully, when shots were heard in our front, and the bugle called out the skirmishers. We found the enemy's skirmish line had crept up to within fifty yards, but being unsupported they gave way to our advance, and we drove them, with desultory fire, but destructive

because we were at close quarters. The lieutenant in charge of us was killed, and several men killed and wounded. The line was very much scattered, and in pursuing a man in my front, I found myself with only two comrades in sight, on a little hill, at the edge of a field through which the railroad ran diagonally, cutting through two little hills. The fellow dropped his gun, fell on the ground and rolling over, disappeared in the second cut. Thinking I could capture a prisoner, I called my two comrades and ran to the further end of the cut. Just before I reached it, I saw a mounted officer dash out of the other end, he lay flat on his horse's neck, and as I fired at him I saw the blue fuzz rise from his back, but he rode on apparently unwounded. Stepping into the cut, I found it full of blue coats, every one with his hands up, and crying, "Don't shoot Johnnie. We give up Johnnie." If one of them had pointed a gun towards me, it would have afforded me pleasure to give up myself, under the circum-

stances, but taking them at their word, I lowered my gun, and told them to move on. Some of the officers offered me their swords, but I made them throw them down. As we moved out of the first cut, my two companions, and eight others who had come up joined me. The second cut held some more Yankees equally willing to give up, and we drove them all out before us. Of course we were rather peremptory, and emphasized our orders with expressions we had not learnt from S. S. books. When we counted our prisoners, we had 102, 21 commissioned officers, a dozen or more non-commissioned officers, the rest privates, belonging to the 69th N.Y. & 5th Michigan regiments. I could not understand why they gave up so easily, until we got clear of the cut, when one of the officers turned to me and said, "Why is this all of you? You yelled so, I thought there were at least 3000 of you." But we didn't have any time to spare, for three or four hundred yards behind us came

a reserve line of Yankee skirmishers, at double quick calling on us to stop or they'd shoot. We dared them to do it, knowing that they'd hit two or three of their men to every one of us, but we didn't feel as comfortable as we made out, for our prisoners would stumble and halt in spite of our jabbing them with our guns, and threatening them to shoot if they didn't mind their best, and the enemy were within fifty yards of us, when Gen'l Gordon, who had noticed our predicament, sent a force to our relief. We got behind them, and the Gen'l complimented us, and told us to turn our prisoners over to the provost guard, which we took pains not to do, until the day in a forty well spent, and we had shared with them the contents of their small filled haversacks. They were clever fellows and in return for our protecting them from being plundered by the hummers that infest every army, they wanted to give us all they had. One of them gave me a gold ring as a keepsake another a pocket pistol &c. One young Lieut

tenant, about my age - nineteen, especially fraternized with me. A stout colonel whose spotless uniform and white complexion plainly showed that he had not seen active service, rode up and coolly proceeded to rob my protege of his oil cloth and blanket. I didn't say a word, but very solemnly took aim at the most prominent part of his well-filled uniform - and he remembered he had business elsewhere. An exactly similar experience befell a valiant major who, after I had captured a couple of negro soldiers at the battle on Hatcher's run, and brought them safely to the rear, thought it his duty to shoot my disarmed prisoners. I argued the point with the muzzle of my gun in his direction, and easily convinced him that if he wanted to shoot negro prisoners he would have to go where I got mine. Although I assured I had left plenty to satisfy even his immoderate desire, when he sorrowfully left us he didn't turn in the direction where fighting was going on. These two were fair samples of a host who made it the

business to keep up the rear of an army in [1463]
a fight. A fellow of this sort, once undertook
to hurry a couple of us who were returning
after helping out a wounded companion. We re-
sented his interference, and getting angry, we
made him go ahead of us. He blustered and
threatened, but, when we got to where bullets
were whistling, he whined and begged like a
whipped puppy, until we became disgusted and
left him.

How the next day or two passed I hardly know.
We were constantly fighting on the skirmish
line, but so worn out and sleepy that we could
barely drag one foot after the other. I remember
lying in front of one of our batteries, when
the premature bursting of a shell took off
the head of one of my companions, spattering
brains over us. I remember also coming across
Dr. Shaffner one night at a camp fire, and his kindly
gift of a piece of cold corn bread.

As we trudged along one morning before Day
we were startled by the sounds of a conflict
in front of us. All our fighting up to this

time had been with the enemy on our flank or rear; We were hurried forward and just at dawn we reached a little cross roads village - Appomattox C. H. We were deployed in skirmish line, and within half a mile, came upon a strong force, drawn up in line of battle and flanked by artillery. After fuling their position, we were ordered back to the C. H. My old brigade, a few hundred strong had just come up and were wheeling into line, as Genl Lee rode by me. He looked so careworn and aged. The boys broke out in their usual cheer of welcome, but his only response, was shading his face with his hat, and bowing his head almost to the mane of his familiar old gray horse, Traveler and I could see the tears trickle down his cheeks. It was my last sight of our revered commander. The brigade was ordered to advance, and as we were deployed on their left, we could see the whole movement. It was my fortune to witness several charges during the war, but I never saw one so magnificently executed. The line advanced as my

ularly as though on parade, and as the batteries ploughed through their ranks, the men closed up without the slightest faltering. Presently they broke into a double quick, and with the old-time yell, they carried the enemy's position and captured several guns and a number of prisoners. In the mean time we, on the skirmish line became engaged with
We drove them perhaps a mile, but they were reinforced and rallied.
some dismounted cavalry. A man named Long and myself had gotten to a house, and I fired at three men who were crossing a ditch less than a hundred yards away. The middle man dropped into the ditch, and I noticed his companions draw him up and lay him on the bank, with his buck tail hat laid over his face. Just at this moment several balls whistled over us from our rear, and turning we saw five Yankee cavalrymen at the yard fence, within a hundred feet of us. We could see our skirmish line several hundred yards behind them, so we had nothing to do but surrender. I bent my faithful old gun under the frame of the

house, and narrowly escaped being shot by my captors for the senseless act. After some debate, they contented themselves with taking my hat and the good blanket I had captured a few days before. Their moderation was due to the fact that nothing else I had was worth taking. One of them then conducted Long and myself towards their advancing lines. We passed by the poor fellow I had shot. A ragged hole was in the centre of his breast, and between his folded hands the frothy blood welled up. I could not resist the impulse, and gently raising his hat, I gazed on a boyish, beardless face, whose peaceful expression was marred by the stony stare of his reproachful eyes. For long years I have seen those eyes, and they still ask me the same question, "Why did I hate and in hatred, kill a fellow being whom I had never seen, and who had never done me any injury?" I know all the sophisms by heart that prate about patriotism, and fighting for homes and fire-sides, but will a just God be satisfied

with such empty platitudes?

On our way out we met Genl Sheridan — a coarse featured, short-necked, chunky man with a superabundance of length of arms and legs, riding a horse two or three sizes too large for him, who cursed me most eloquently when in answer to his question I told him Genl Lee had 70,000 or 80,000 men. I didn't know any better, and if I had, I would not have told it.

Later on I learned the advisability of being civil to a darkey behind a gun. If my guard had not spoilt his aim by hitting him aside of the head with his sword, I would not now be here.

We were kept prisoners for a week by the provost guard of the 5th Corps, and during that time we had nothing to eat. I exchanged the gold ring given me at Farmville, with one of our guards for a cup full of flour, which I made into a dough with water, and baked on a ramrod. With

out salt it was 31 for eating, and made me sick. A poor fellow prisoner, who felt himself dying, gave me a couple of spare ribs, in return for some little attention. They were so salt that they didn't need dressing, and the mark of the meat stuck fast to the dirty haversack, but you may be sure I didn't love it on that account.

Many of our friends who had been paroled, passed us with pleasant greetings. One of them told Gus Simms that I was a prisoner, and although on his way home, he rode back three miles to intercede for my release. It availed nothing, but I shall never forget his kindness. Although we only met once after the war, I grieved for a true friend, when the ball of an ambushed assassin brought his gallant life to an untimely end.

I will not weary you with an account of our marvelous return home. We were paroled at Farmville, and grew a

handful of crackers a piece. Four of us started off together, so starved and worn out that we could only walk ten
On our way, we met with foragers, and the reverse,
or twelve miles a day, [illegible] foraging station
and I found out I wasn't built for a successful forager
[illegible] we reached Clover Station on the R. & D. R. R. on the fourth day. Here we met a train and rode to Danville. At Danville we raided the Commissary stores and got something to eat. That evening we pressed into service a railroad train of empty flat cars, and rode, standing up and swaying with every motion of the car, to about ten miles of Greensboro, where a bridge had been burnt. We trudged into Greensboro before daylight, and lay down in the yard of the Hotel house for a short rest. Greensboro was full of demoralized men from Johnston's army. We didn't fraternize, so we soon left and walked to Kernersville by night. Sleeping that night on the porch of a little store at the forks of the road; we made an early start next morning and walked to Salem by 9 o'clock

I had been mourned for dead, and was made correspondingly welcome. After a bath in warm water with plenty of soap, I threw away the underclothes I had worn for seven weeks, and felt much better. I found I had lost 38½ lbs since leaving Petersburg three weeks before.

I think I was a poor soldier, for I have never felt unwilling to submit to the rough of the war. If there was any glory in marching and starving, in filth and privations, in camps, in prison or on the battle field, I failed utterly to appreciate it. A great deal of stuff has been written about it — some by people I knew were there, but if they enjoyed it at the time, they had a mighty poor way of showing it. Any honest old soldier will heartily join in my fervent prayer, that none of us may live to see another war.

Again and again we had fought over the ground, alternately attacking and being repulsed. The thick growth of young pines prevented the use of artillery, but the musketry fire was terrific, and the battlefield was strewn thick with the dead and wounded. Just as night fell the enemy was finally driven back with great slaughter.

In establishing our lines, I was placed on picket, at the edge of a little opening in the pines. In the growing darkness I could dimly see the forms of men lying on the ground before me. Some appeared to move, and my quickened ear caught their moans and cries for help. The sleet was falling heavily. My clothes were wet with sweat from the rush and excitement of the battle, and as the cold pierced to my marrow, ~~I shuddered~~ ~~my teeth chattered~~ in unison with the shivering wretches, lying unprotected on the icy ground, deserted by God and man. I waited in vain

for some one to come to their relief. My orders were peremptory — not to leave my post under any circumstances, and I could do nothing. As the night advanced the cold became more intense, and the rain and sleet froze as fast as they fell. The groans and cries of the wounded became fainter and fainter until [illegible]

The monotonous pattering of the sleet was broken only by the crackling of the boughs, or the fall of an ice-laden tree, whose trunk had been cut in two by the Minié balls.

Beyond the opening could be heard the rumble of wagons, and the noise of axes and picks where the enemy were erecting breastworks. I cowered in the scanty shelter of a large pine, my teeth chattered until they felt loose in their sockets, and my aching limbs shivered in acutest agony. In vain I waited and longed for stupor and insensibility which is said to precede death from freezing. Every sense and faculty of mind was sharpened and intensified.

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The swaying pine boughs drooping under their weight of ice, as they touched the ground, sounded like whispers and creeping footsteps, and I peered into the darkness, in eager expectation of the long delayed relief picket, or in dread of the advancing foe. The minutes seemed hours as they slowly dragged out their lengthened course. At last the sleet ceased to fall, and a ~~wind~~ light wind sprang up. The fog lightened, the clouds suddenly broke away, and the full moon shone down upon the scene. In front of me were fifty seven dead bodies many stark naked, and the rest partially despoiled of their clothing. They lay in every conceivable position - some extended full length on their faces or backs, others twisted and contorted in the most unnatural and grotesque postures.

#5035-z
HENRY T. BAHNSON PAPERS

Notebook

Folder 2 of 3

This volume contains blank pages that were not numbered or filmed.

Captured at Gettysburg, I was taken with several hundred more prisoners by rail road to Baltimore and confined in the City Jail. The jail is a five story building each story consisting of a double tier of cells, and ten feet or more away from this cell building is the outer wall, supporting the roof, and pierced with windows for light and air. Iron balconies and staircases give access to the cells, and at the end of each tier, these balconies connect by an iron bridge with a tower in the outer wall, which contains the water supply. One half the jail together with the chapel was filled with Confederate prisoners, and we were so crowded that three or four slept in each cell, while many more lay on the balconies and the floor of the chapel and jail basement. The cells consisted of immense slabs of slate. Hundreds including myself, had to sleep on these, and you may well imagine our rest was not unbroken. The bones would work down towards that slate

and in a short time the pinched skin would call for a change of position. Fitful sleep begets a fretful disposition and a party of card players who sat night after night under the gas at the end of the balconies, and disturbed our short naps by their noise, soon became an intolerable nuisance. Persuasion and entreaty availed nothing. Of course there were always men moving about in such a crowd, so it was not noticed, when one night, two of our number slipped up the stairs to the fifth tier, and filling with water one of the immense buckets (it must have held ten gallons, and was intended to carry on a yoke) they emptied its contents on the party of card players, thirty or forty feet below. It came with tremendous force and literally scattered them all over the floor. Several were stunned and seriously hurt by their heads dashing against the slate floor, and one of them, after turning a back somersault rolled over to where I lay some 20 ft. away. As he rubbed

his sore head and counted his bruises, I laughed and told him he was served just right to my notions, whereupon we had a fight, which was speedily interrupted by the guards who had rushed in when they heard the noise of the water fall, and we were taken out and put into a dark cell under the basement of the other wing of the prison. My opponent and I became reconciled on the way, and finding a coarse mattress on the floor of the cell, we put in the only good night's sleep we had in our four weeks stay in the jail. They gave us only bread and water in the morning, but in spite of the darkness, I was so comfortable with something softer than a slate slab to sit and lie on, that I was positively sorry when toward noon we were taken to the superintendent's office and after an explanation and reprimand returned to our old quarters. One of the jailors told me that we would have been kept longer in the dark cell, but it was needed for Belle

Boyd, the famous Southern spy who was then confined there in another part of the building. She thought one of her guard had insulted her, so she managed to loosen a brick from her window sill, and as he came under her on his beat, she dropped the brick on his head. She says she didn't wait until I got tired of the dark cell, for, according to my experience, it was the best part of the jail.

P.H. Lookout is at the junction of the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay, and on this tongue of land, facing the Bay was established the largest of the Northern prison camps. The site selected was an almost level plain, only a few feet above the water. Ditches traversed it in several directions, and the furrows showed it had once been in cultivation.

√ Shelling as a remedial agent.

√ 1200 shots at one man

Cacophony of battle

√ Rabbits in battle

Wounded men and wounded horses

√ Capture of two negro soldiers

√ Turning the tables on an officer

√ and taking him to firing line

√ Friendly relations with enemy

√ Wading the Rapidan

√ Exchange of papers at Petersburg

√ Masonic sign of distress

* Guerrillas and their letters

√ Desertions - a military execution

An execution foiled by surrender

√ Starving vs. stealing

√ Stealing from commissary stores

√ Raiding stores at Danville

Green corn and apples;
Milking as a fine art — in a canteen
Apple holes in valley, and he who did not know President ...
Rattlesnake.
Rope of a hog line
Cons... ... fighting after losing his haversack.
Standing picket — Post sipper
Owls in ...

Generals as marksmen — their fate
... ...
...

... ... in battle ...
... ... — death — ... — ...
...

Baltimore prison — ... ...
Deck — slate floor — card playing ...
— cold water on it — fight and dark cell — displaced by Belle Boyd.

Pt. Lookout — fence — escape
... colds
Dr. Thompson — exchange of sick prisoners at City Point
Chaplains as warriors.
Soldiers as preachers after the war
Weston, Pendleton, Marshall, Capers, Taylor Martin, Osborne Smith ... a host other gallant ...
After the battle — sleet — moon bursting out of the mist.

President Davis's release at Richmond

It was 2nd Christmas day 1863, and the weather was bitterly cold. Two steamboats lay side to side in the James river at City Point. A heavy mist hung over the water but on the mast head and stern of the one rayed again the stars and strikes, while the other bore the flag of the Confederacy. But theirs was no hostile meeting, for above the emblems betokening their nationality floated proudly the white standard of peace, and under this, an exchange of side prisoners was being effected. One of the vessels pointed up stream, and the other down. The bow of each was connected by a gangway to the stern of the other, and along these two passways were moving in opposite directions two pitiful processions. Gaunt and haggard, their shivering frames scarcely covered with filthy rags these spectres of humanity, tottered and crawled, or were carried until each vessel had exchanged 500 object lessons of the horrors of military prisons, Northern and Southern. [illegible] Hostility & hate neither nation lost in the end

The gangways were drawn in, but the
while the [illegible] agents of exchange, were completing their
vessels still lay side by side. During the
negotiations
transfer, an interchange of badinage
and criticism of appearance took place
between the prisoners, but soldiers' wit is
at the best, coarse and cutting, and as
each side resented the reflection of its
own flag and remembered injuries and
sufferings inflicted by the other, their voices
became ominous, and curses and threats
took the place of persiflage. Fists were
clinched, and stools and benches broken
up for missiles. A conflict was imminent,
when from above us sounded the words
of a familiar song. Supporting his feeble
frame by one of the posts of the upper deck
stood a sadly grotesque figure. On his
shoulders, hung a buttonless, tattered, union jacket, its shredded sleeves barely
covering his elbows, while his blue and
shrunken limbs showed through the
rents in his gray trousers. His face

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rents in his gray trousers. His face

pinched and wan, and the sallow skin looked like dirty parchment stretched over his projecting cheek bones. He couldn't sing worth a cent, his voice was harsh and cracked, but his soul was in his song and his gaze rested far beyond the low banks of the James, perhaps on a cabin in the N. C. mountains, or a mansion on a bayou of the Mississipi.

"Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam," so far alone, but here a northern voice joined him, and the second line sounded stronger "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. Curses were smothered, fists unclinched, hands raised to hurl missiles or opposed to the side eyes gleaming with deadly hatred softened in tears, and broken only by sobs, voice after voice joined in the strain, until "Home, home, sweet, sweet home &c., rang from a thousand throats

and swelled into
a mighty melody of peace and good
will. Will the poor, homeless atheist
who wrote these words ever know?
Did ever psalm of David, sung by anointed
priests in His holy temple on Mount Moriah
accompanied with psaltery and harp, and wafted
heavenward by smoke of burnt offering and
odor of incense, yield more acceptable
service to God

The song continued, and with farewells
and friendly waving of hands and hats
the late enemies parted company. As the
boats passed each other, the fog lifted and
bright sunshine lighted the scene. My thoughts
climbed up the sunbeam, and I saw the
angels who brought the glad tidings, Peace
on earth, good will to men," ascend to Heaven
The pearly gates opened, and as they neared
the throne, the cherubim and seraphim
unfurled their wings, and kept silence
while the Lord God of Sabaoth bowed down
his ear to hear the sweet message, and the

Lamb of God saw of the travail of his soul and was satisfied.

"And now abideth these three Faith, Hope and Charity, but the greatest of these is Charity."

While picketing on the Rapidan I was stricken with fever. After lying in our tent several days, an ambulance carried me to Orange C.H., where, with twenty or more sick men, I was put into an unwept cattle car. There was no one to wait on us, and we lay helpless in our blankets, on the bare floor. Towards evening we reached Charlottesville, and our train stopped opposite the beautiful campus of the Univ. of Va. It was early Spring, the birds were twittering about the opening buds, and I longed to crawl out of the filthy car, and lie down to die on the fresh green grass; a good old darkey boiled pitchers, and filled our canteens with water. All that night we stopped and started and bumped over the rough road until about daylight we reached Lynchburg. During the night many became delirious with a rise of fever. Some babbled of home & sang and prayed, while others cursed and

raved or fought their past battles over again. I was near the door which was left half open for fresh air, and sometime during the night one of the men, frenzied with delirium blundered over me, blacking my eye and bruising my cheek, and threw himself out of the car. Had I known his intention I could not have stopped him, and there was no one to whom we could report his loss. I never heard of him again. At Lynchburg, an ambulance conveyed me to Pace's tobacco factory, which was utilized as a hospital. It was so crowded that I was laid upon the floor, by the side of a bed on which a man was dying. It was only a short time until he breathed his last. The body was carried out, the straw tick turned over, and I was put in his place. Of the next two weeks I retain no recollection. I thought I saw two men die in the adjoining bed, — the nurse afterwards told me there were three. It seemed to me I had slept and

dreamed a long time, when I felt something crawling on my cheek. I remember how my hand shook, and how long I vainly tried to reach the object, but steadiness came to me with a rush, when I brought it to my nose and smelt a bed-bug. Reaching for the candle which was fastened to a post near me, I jumped out of bed. I don't know how many I killed, but when I woke again, I was on a clean tick and the nurse told me he found me on the floor with the candle by my side, and the old tick speckled with blood spots. My convalescence was rapid, but occupied time enough to bring a realization of the debt I owe to what some good people call vermin. Certain it is, that there was the only attention I saw given sick men during the night, in the remaining two weeks I staid in the hospital. The doctors left at dark and a man was detailed as night nurse for the hundred or more patients on one floor

of the big factory, but he and his companions on the other floors drank and played cards or slept in their room on our floor, and I never saw one give the least attention to a sick man after ten o'clock. Cries for help or, water, oaths and threats were wasted on deaf ears. They would rouse up about daylight and go around to forcibly straighten the bodies of the poor wretches who had died neglected during the night, and make up tales to tell at the doctors visit in the morning. I repeat, that I entertain a grateful respect for bed-bugs - in some body elses bed.

More than a generation ago, the conquered banner was furled forever, and the fratricidal war between the South and the North became a thing of the past. Time has mellowed the sentiments of the hostile sections, and the reunited States are more firmly than ever before cemented in the affection and loyalty of their inhabitants. While time has frosted the heads and furrowed the brows of the actors in this great drama, it has likewise obliterated the scenery and stage settings of the theatre in

We were on picket duty on the Rapidan in the winter of 63 & 64. There had been no firing for some days, and both sides had advanced their outposts, until only the river separated us from the enemy. I found the officers were not around, we exchanged courtesies, and finally one morning I accepted an invitation to come over and get some newspapers and some tobacco for coffee &c. It was very cold and ice was forming in the stream, so I took off my clothes, leaving only my shoes. The water was not very deep, but of course I slipped on a rock and got wet all over. I was warming at the enemy's fire, enjoying their friendly conversation, and making up a day's rations of their generous contributions, when an alarm was given, and I had barely time to pull down the bank and crouch behind a briar patch, before an officer rode up. He leisurely dismounted and finally sat down to warm his feet at the fire. I could not move, and I had to hold my

my mouth open to keep my chattering teeth from betraying me. One of the men who had a watch told me he only stayed fifteen minutes, but it seemed to me as many hours, before he mounted and rode away. My friends the enemy had to carry me to the fire, and in spite of the whiskey with which they liberally drenched me, the water seemed positively warm as I waded back to my side of the river. We enjoyed the soft bread and coffee with sugar, and no questions were asked by the officer to whom I gave a New York Herald only two days old, but I made no more trips across the river.

Several times in the breastworks before Petersburg, a truce was arranged. Some man would wave a newspaper over the breastwork. It would be answered by a similar demonstration on the other side. Then perhaps a hundred feet up or down the line papers would wave, and presently men from both sides would jump over and meet midway between the lines

to barter and chat. Only a few minutes would elapse, before the ominous cry would sound "Rats to your holes," and each side would scurry back, and shoot with redoubled energy to make up for lost time. I never knew a truce of this sort to be violated, but the officers of both armies gave it no countenance, as it could only be arranged in their temporary absence.

The most extraordinary truce I ever saw occurred in the heat of battle. We had been charging and falling back over the same ground for an hour or more, and the lines of battle occupied two parallel ridges some two hundred yards apart. About midway between was an eminence from which we had fallen back, and which was exactly in line of fire. A wounded Confederate officer lay at top of this eminence, and with his hand made signs which at that time I did not comprehend. Two men from our side dashed their guns and ran to his

aid, but just as they got to him they were shot down, and one of them tumbled partly over him. Immediately I saw a Turkish officer tie his handkerchief to the point of his sword, make the same signs in the air, until one of our officers observed it, and then both went along their respective lines and raised the guns of their men until for perhaps 20 yds there was a struggle between the hissing bullets, and in the firing. Both then ran to the centre, still making the signs with their handkerchiefs raised. The man who had fallen on the officer carried him and then the officer out of the line of fire under the lee of the hill facing us, and after examining the other man they put his hat over his face to signify his death and ran back to their lines, which immediately resumed firing.

Two rabbits got into our firing line one day. We were in a sedge field, grown up with shell holes. The poor little

creatures were so scared by the report
of hundreds of guns that their ears hung
down and they panted like a dog after a
chase. They hopped about the feet of the
men entirely unaware of the presence of
their natural enemy. Several times I saw
a gun pointed at them, but before he fired
the man would recollect the more serious
need of firing at the enemy. When I last saw
them they were crouched close to the side
of a wounded man who lay sheltered behind
a fallen tree.

"A quick recovery."

You have heard the expression "shelling the woods." My first experience in that line was peculiar. We were in line of battle in a large turpentine orchard. About two hundred yards in front of us was a thicket of dense undergrowth. Out of this rode a Union officer who took out his field glass and deliberately surveyed our line. The colonel of the regiment to our left ordered a man to fire at him, but by some misunderstanding the whole regiment of 1200 men fired at once. The roar was indescribable. The officer seemed surprised, but reining in his startled horse, he put up his glass, made a sweeping bow with his plumed hat in his hand and cantered back unharmed. Just then a courier dashed up, and ordered our whole line to double quick to the left where brisk firing had been going on for some time. Everybody expected we would go into a hot fight, and a big Georgia cane belonging to our

battalion tumbled over in a fit. He had a habit of ~~throwing~~ fits whenever he was detailed for an unpleasant duty, and I had seen the doctor, who suspected their genuineness, pour bucket after bucket of ice cold water over him without affecting him in the least. This fit was an awful one. He jerked and writhed, frothed at the mouth and bit his tongue in a horrid way. I happened to be nearest him, and the colonel told me to stay and watch him. After a little he grew quieter, and I noted that our men were just out of sight, when a tremendous explosion took place, and the top of a tree some ~~[illegible]~~ in front of us burst in pieces with a great smoke and bark and twigs and limbs fell all around us. I never had heard a shell explode but I instantly knew what it was. Before I could get around a big tree, other explosions jarred the earth, and the air was full of flying fragments. I was so scared that I forgot all about the poor man for several minutes.

but finally I peeped carefully around the tree, and through the smoke, I saw a great jagged hole in the ground where he had been lying. My horror and shame at my cowardice were intolerable, and I might have done something desperate, if I had not happened to look behind me, and there was my maid, several hundred yards away dodging from tree to tree, and running like a race horse. I followed but failed to catch up with him. I learned afterwards that our line was moved only to get out of the way of this terrific shelling.

Now you have perhaps heard professional moralists preach that stealing is never just liable, and declare that they would starve before they would steal. Those men have never tried starving, and I don't believe that any sane man would be foolish enough to starve if he could steal anything to eat. I know no old soldier, could and no risk of punishment or danger ever stopped their foraging. I was in a justice's court some years ago and the presiding officer was laying down the law to a poor fellow who had stolen some flour and meat because his family was hungry. The magistrate's tone and manner almost made me forget that I had proved him on the battle fields of Pennsylvania with his head and feet stuck through the cracks of a rail fence because he had been caught "foraging." Some of the men became very expert, and I have known them to crawl up to a cow in sight of a farm

house, and guide the milk into a canteen and even kill and carry away a pig from a pen in the yard, without waking the inmates of the house. Chickens and ducks were easily caught with a baited pin on the end of a string, and they never had time to give a good squawk.

Hammond One of the best foragers belonged to our battalion and when he invited me to go with him to get a stand of honey, I felt honored by the compliment. Although I knew he had no money, I was content when he told me the farmer had refused to sell him any. He chose two more men, and after taps we slipped out of camp by a friendly sentinel and got to the house, seven miles away, before midnight. A light was burning in the front room, and we were sure that the guards were sitting up with the girls. Hammond told the other two men to go to the front, and attract the attention of the dogs, while he and I slipped to the back

yard. The box like bee hives were all around, and we lifted one after another to test their weight until we came to one standing by itself on the end of a bench, which we could hardly lift. I jumped over the fence, and Hammond put the hive on my shoulder, and we started across an open field. Three big dogs came yelping and snapping at our heels, and the guards who could see us in the starlight shot in dead earnest, for the balls whistled right around us. I never ran so hard in all my life, and the sharp edge of that bee hive cut into my shoulder like a knife. At the first turn in the road (I must have carried it half a mile) one of the others took it off my shoulder and ran on, while I sank down in the fence corner completely exhausted. In a few minutes I recovered sufficiently to climb the fence and as the alarm at the house had subsided, I leisurely rejoined my comrades. All of them had carried the hive

in turn, and each declared it was the heaviest load he had ever had on his shoulder. Some one suggested that we eat and eat some honey to lighten the load. On making a light, language failed us for the honey line was filled solidly with wet bees. It was'nt safe to talk about honey in our camps, for several days afterwards.

The last forging I saw was at Danville just after Lee's surrender. There were 1000's & more straggler, and paroled men there waiting in the hope of getting South on the R.R. The commissary gave us rations of unsifted corn meal and so called pickled pork, but we had no way to cook them. A report was circulated that the incoming commissary building was filled with ham, bacon, hard tack &c., and a party went up to the door, and asked the officer for something better. I do not know that civility on his part, would have helped him

for he had on a brand-new uniform, with shining buttons, and he wore a starched shirt and collar, than which nothing was more offensive to a seasoned tattered soldier. But the poor fellow was arrogant and ~~offensive~~ abusive even cursed and drew his new pistol. A red rag affects a bull in the same way that pepper bog acted on men who for years had faced real balls and shells. The guards guns were snatched out of their hands, and the clean officer brushed aside before he could ask the time of day, and the crowd rushed in. Such a collection of eatables I never saw. There were stacks of hams and bacon as big as houses, and everything else in proportion. Amongst the rest a lot of barrels of sorghum. The heads were knocked in, and the contents dipped up in cups and canteens. One barrel was particularly fine and after it was more than half empty, a poor old conscript who had no cup was reaching over and half covering its top, in an effort to make the

thick syrup run into the narrow mouth of his canteen. Other men would aim in their eyes, and purposely let a little drip on his neck or ear. He didn't mind it - he wanted to fill that canteen, and he leant his head down into the barrel, to hear better the delicious gurgle. Somebody suddenly raised the barrel and tilted it over his head. His knees were pinioned to his side, and after a little useless struggling, he had to bend over and let the barrel drop off. There wasn't a dot on him that wasn't thoroughly sweltered. He was gasping and spluttering, and he snorted and coughed syrup in a shower. He tried to get wiped but his mouth and moustache were so full of molasses he couldn't talk, and every time he wiped out his eyes they would fill again from his brows and hair, so finally his hat out of the pool on the floor, he made his way to the river, dripping syrup at every step, and followed by the cheers

of the crowd, which he answered by sucking his fingers and triumphantly waving their cadaverous full of long sweetening.

I have often wondered what could have caused swearing to cease in the Southern army. At the beginning of the war it was cultivated as a fine art, and many generals set examples for their men to pattern after. But towards the close of the war you hardly ever heard officer or man use an oath, except in battle. It was hardly due to any organized religious influence for preaching was rarely heard in camps, chaplains were few and hard to find and men died or were killed and buried by the thousands without any religious ceremony. I never saw but one military funeral, and that was when I happened to be in Richmond and the gallant Major Pelham was buried. In camp, in prison, in hospital, and above all after a battle, you realized that the first and greatest reason for burial, is to put an offensive corpse out of sight. Byron says the lines by Charles Wolfe on the "Burial of Sir John Moore", are the most perfect ode in the language. Many of you have recited the piece "Not a drum was heard, nor

a funeral note, As his corse to the ramparts we hurried, Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot, Oer the grave where our hero we buried", &c. It sounds poetry, but all the poetry in the world, even the most perfect ode in the language can't disguise the fact that such disposition of our loved ones is unseemly and heathenish. To atone for such lack of ceremony we are now raising monuments all over the land to our heroic dead.

Toward the end of the war cursing became a lost art. It was offensive, and the man who indulged in it was soon made to feel it. If an oath was heard in camps, everybody gathered round and without a word watched and listened with hand to ear until the swearer was heartily shamed. It was seldom the lesson had to be learnt again. I commend the plan to you, if any of your number ever indulge in this, the least pleasurable of all vices. Noting as I did, the gradual increase in earnestness, which characterized the Southern

soldier, I am not surprised at the number who after the war, developed into zealous preachers of the Gospel - gallant Maj. Watts Col. Osborne, Bishop Ellison Capers, Taylor Martin, Gen Wm. Pendleton and a host of others are an honor to the clerical profession, and do not fail to preach as they fought - with their whole soul.

But a chaplain in a fight is out of his element I remember one who tried it, and afterwards wished he had not. He was a little man, with a piping voice, who rode the fattest horse in the army, and was said to know how to get something to eat even in an enemy's country. He carried a green flannel sack across the pommell of his saddle in one end of which was a bible and in the other a hymnbook. It was at Winchester. Gen Rodes was killed, and the enemy had come in on our flank, and our army was fleeing in a panic. At the south end of the town is an open space where several streets and roads meet. From all directions came our men, and

amongst the rest entered the little chaplain. He was stopped by two ladies who were in front of their house, and seeing he was some sort of an officer they begged him to rally his men for their protection against the enemy. The chaplain promised to do so, and riding to the highest point he commenced a spirited harangue, and appealed so strongly to their manhood, that presently he had collected a hundred or more, who fell into orderly ranks. Desiring to strengthen the influence he had exerted over us, the chaplain headed down into the left side of his green bag, and produced his bible, from which he read in his loudest voice the 23d Psalm, and other comforting and strengthening portions of scripture. Finally he came to the beautiful Gospel of St. John, "Let not your heart be troubled, believe I am with you to the end of the world" &c. He was reading "a little while and I am with you, and again a little while and I am not with you" when a shell from a battery on a hill west of the town which the

had captured, burst in the air above us, and the chaplain's horse didn't wait for him to close his Bible, but broke to the rear at a quarter race gait, followed by the whole crowd, who shouted in vain "Wait a little while" "Take us with you", with cheers and laughter. The next day the chaplain declared his horse ran away, and I know he did, for I saw him. Any horse would run away, if a man was on his back beating him on the neck with an open book, and cramming him on the other side with a heavy ended green bag as fast as he could work his arms.

Army life was hard enough to bride the spirit of many who had volunteered, but it was intolerable to such as were forced into it against their will. Many of the poor conscripts had been torn away from their helpless families, and my heart bleeds at the recollection of the pitiful letters I was called on to read and answer for my illiterate comrades. I hope I am forgiven for the liberties I took with many of those letters. They were almost without exception, filled with accounts of hardships and privation that made my heart bleed, and frantic appeals to husbands or fathers to desert and come home. I would alter and substitute sentences to make them sound cheerful and hopeful, for I knew what desertion meant. One military execution was enough for me. Five deserters were to be shot, and early in the day the whole army was collected on three sides of a little valley which formed a natural amphitheatre. The men were brought in

weapons, each sitting on a rough coffin. Their arms were bound to their sides they were blindfolded and made to kneel each with their back to a stake, to which he was fastened. The stakes were in a line about ten steps from each other. Six men were drawn up in front of each deserter, and an officer handed them guns which he had loaded. It was said that one contained a blank cartridge. All the squads were called to attention by one officer who commanded "aim", "fire", and the thirty guns were fired off at once. I had shut my eyes, but they opened in spite of me, at the sound. The breast bones of the poor wretches seemed to fall in, an ashy pallor spread over their faces and necks, their heads sank forward, their shoulders collapsed two of them shuddered convulsively for

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a second or two, then hung like
their companions, to the stakes, inert
and lifeless. In awful silence we
marched back to camp, and the
gruesome spectacle lingered long in
our memory.

The only time I fought negro troops was in one of the numerous attempts by Gen. Grant to get around our right flank and cut the rail road South of Petersburg. We had been slowly driven back, but had rallied and were driving the enemy before us when they made a stand and we could see black faces in their line. We were much scattered and I became aware that I was a target for a couple of negroes who were firing from behind the mass of earth uplifted by the roots of a fallen pine tree. It was surprising to note how the trunk of the tree I was behind shrank steadily as their bullets knocked the bark first from one side and then the other. Of course I shot at them but they had a natural breastwork which gave them ample cover and I was greatly relieved when our line was reinforced

forced, and we made a charge. I kept my eye on the place where my antagonists had been, and was greatly astonished when I had run to the spot to find two dead negro soldiers lying on their stomachs ~~lying~~ in the hole ~~found~~ left by the pine roots. I could not believe I had killed them, although I certainly had tried to. I looked again and then I noticed there was no blood, and besides they were lying side by side, with their heads as far under the body of the tree as they could get them. I jumped into the hole and dropped the butt of my gun (it weighed 11 lbs) on the back of the nearest one. He grunted mightily and I had roused to repeat the experiment on his companion for both plead most piteously to spare their lives, declaring they had been forced to enlist and would gladly go back to their master and work the rest of their lives. Our line had passed on, and I made

them get up and march before me to the rear. I got them safely back several hundred yards when a valiant officer rose from behind a tree, and charged down upon us and brandishing his pistol swore he was bound to shoot them then and there. I quickly let him know that if he wanted to shoot niggers he'd have to get them himself, that there were plenty more where I got mine. He evidently didn't like my language for he wanted my name, company &c., declaring I should hear from him. I gladly gave him the information, but he didn't shoot my negroes, and I never heard from him again.

After turning over our prisoners to the provost guard, we were making our way back to the firing line when a captain who was dodging about in the woods, rushed up to us, brandishing his sword and swearing at us as

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accused us of cowardice and ordered us to double quick to the front. We would not listen to our explanation and became so abusive but quickly changed his tone, when we turned on him, and drove him ahead of us at the point of our guns. By the time we got to where the bullets were flying, he was white as a sheet and praying at every step. He was too cowardly to be funny and we let him run away.

We had just received boxes from [illegible]
and were unpacking them when the
long roll sounded and we were rushed
off at a double quick. I doubt if ever
such a march was made before. We
couldn't leave our provender in camp
and all our men loaded themselves
down with every imaginable edible. I had
yards of sausage in my blanket roll, a haver-
sack full of crackling bread, and both hands
full of cakes which I ate as we ran.
Another had a sack of flour over his
shoulder, a third a ham hung to his
gun &c. The weather was raw, but the
sweat was dripping from every pore of the
skin before we had gone a mile. The pace
could not be kept up but in less than an
hour we had made four miles, deployed
in line of battle and charged the enemy
out of their improvised breastworks. Before
we recovered breath they rallied and
advanced against us. As we fired

at them, my attention was attracted to the man next me. He was a conscript who had only recently joined us, and who had always declared that he was a Union man, and would never shoot at a Yankee. Yet here he was aiming most carefully and loudly rejoicing as one after another of the enemy tumbled to our shots. "Why Billy," I exclaimed, I thought you wouldn't shoot at Yankees!" He seemed to grudge time to reply, "Didn't they shoot at me coming across that field, and cut my haversack strap so that I lost all the good meat and bread ~~victuals~~ my wife sent me? Of course, I'm going to shoot at 'em!" I couldn't blame him for his change of sentiment, and after that charge he was one of our best soldiers.

Back and forth we had charged and been driven, until all semblance of a line of battle was lost. The steady rain and sweat had wet our clothes through and through, and we were thoroughly exhausted when just at dusk Mahone's gallant division came to reinforce us. Mahone came at their head, one knee over the pommel of his saddle, and several men had their pipes in their mouths, apparently unmindful of the galling fire of the enemy. Deploying to the right and left they rapidly formed a battle line, and together we drove the enemy from our front. In reestablishing our line, we fell back perhaps half a mile over the battle field, and I was detailed on picket duty. In the darkness, I was stationed at the foot of a large old-field pine. My comrades had hardly left me, before I realized that in my front were a number of wounded men. I could hear them moan and groan on

all sides, and there must have been at least a dozen of them too severely wounded to crawl away, and overlook-ed in the darkness. I could do nothing for them. My orders were to keep quiet, and not to leave my post unless the enemy ~~attacked~~ advanced, when I was to fire my gun and run to the rear. As darkness set in the ~~weather~~ air grew colder, and the rain changed to sleet, and my wet clothes froze on me. The moans of the poor neglected wretches became feebler, or chang-ed to shuddering sighs until one after another lay silent in death. (I may say here, that I never heard the screams and cries of the wounded on a battle field. The severely wounded are pitifully ~~silent~~ quiet) The awful silence of a darkness that could be felt was broken only by my chattering teeth, the steady swish of the sleet, and the occasional crack of an overloaded bough. I had no idea that cold could cause such

[illegible]

excruciating suffering. Every part of me ached and stung, and each muscle shuddered in agony. How I longed for the threatened advance of the enemy; ~~and hoped that~~ and with quickened ears and straining eyes took note of the creaking and ~~straining~~ snapping of the ice-laden trees. I could hear distinctly the rumble of wagons, the sound of axes and shovels and the murmur of voices betokening activity in the enemy's lines, but nothing that could serve me as an excuse to fire my gun and end the monotony of torture. The minutes seemed days, and instead of the ~~torpor~~ numbness and drowsiness I expected, the cold only made me more wakeful and conscious of suffering.

Gradually the sleet ceased to fall and was succeeded by a dense fog. This in turn passed away, and almost suddenly the moon shone out. In

front of me was an old field, and scattered over it were at least fifty dead men. Most of them were clad in their uniforms of blue or gray, but perhaps a dozen were partly naked where their clothes had been stripped off the unwounded parts of the body. They lay as they had fallen, some on their backs or faces, others twisted and contorted by their death struggle. Over all was a glassy covering of ~~sleet~~ sleet, and as the moon rose to the zenith, I could see their gaping wounds and the clotted blood through the icy varnish. The light reflected from their wide open eyes ~~seemed to~~ twinkled at me, and as I ~~looked~~ looked at one, the other seemed to beckon. There was a horrible fascination about the scene, and I almost forgot my suffering. How long I gazed entranced I can not tell, but suddenly I heard

footsteps. It was the relief, and the officer told me I had been overlooked and left on post four hours - twice the usual time. When I tried to move, my frozen clothes rattled and cracked, and with the first step I tumbled over. Crawling and helped by my comrades, I managed to reach a fire and there found Byron Douthit, who made me drink a quart of coffee so hot that I could not taste anything for a week

#5035-z
HENRY T. BAHNSON PAPERS

Notebook, funeral program

Folder 3 of 3

"The last days of the War,
'as seen by a private.'
Return to Henry T. Bahnson
Salem N.C.

WRITING TABLET.

SUPERIOR PAPER.

"The last days of the War, as seen by a private."

Apparently not many privates survived the war,— at least, very few have spoken or written about it. Perhaps like me, they feel they haven't much to brag of. Then too, nobody expects much from a private; therefore he is not obliged, as his superiors are, to explain, and contradict, and generally forevaricate, in an effort to sustain his reputation.

The glowing accounts of battles and campaigns nearly all have been written by general officers, or by non-participants who style themselves historians. It seems hardly fair that we privates should be entirely ignored; because, without us, there would have been no generals, nor would there have been a war to write about.

In choosing my subject "The last days of the War, as seen by a private," I certainly have no desire to parody ~~or contradict any part of~~ Genl Gordon's famous lecture, "The last days of the Confederacy." He was my general, and I entertain only respect and admiration for the man. ~~I have never heard his lecture, and if~~ Therefore if in any way I differ from his statements, such discrepancy is doubtless due to the fact that we looked at

events from ~~a~~ different standpoints. The ~~was~~ general rode on horseback — and I went afoot.

Before daylight on the morning of Sunday April 2nd 1865, a couple of us were at the little stream that supplied our camp with water. Our command was in reserve, on the north bank of the Appomattox river, and the night before ~~we~~ two had received permits to visit our friends on the lines in front of Petersburg. We were industriously scrubbing ourselves for the occasion, and I was about to put on my clean underclothes, — having made arrangements to wash the suit I had worn four weeks on the campaign, — when our occupation was suddenly arrested.

The steady, monotonous firing by the pickets in the rifle pits across the river, which we were accustomed to hear all through the night, ceased for a moment. This ominous silence was broken by an outburst of hoarse huzzas, which the still night air bore ~~it~~ to our quickened ears with alarming distinctness. The dropping musketry

fire, deepening into a sullen roar, and broken only by the quickly recurring, ear-splitting crack of field artillery and the jar of bursting shells, left no doubt in our minds that our lines had been assaulted, and a big battle had begun. Our holiday was spoiled, and in a few minutes we were on the way to the scene. Crossing the river and passing through Petersburg we were halted in a ravine behind the breastworks, where we learned that a part of the advanced lines, occupied by Clingman's and Scales's brigades, had been captured by the enemy. The firing was still kept up, and shells burst over our heads, or rolled, and spun, and darted, and hissed about our feet in a dreadfully demoralizing way. Then too, wounded men, pale-faced and bloody, some borne on litters, others limping or tottering — and passing us in crowds, had no tendency to enliven our spirits. It was a real relief to be ordered forward. On reaching the reserve line of breastworks, we were ordered to take position in a

ditch (called a covered way) which led in a slanting and zigzag direction to the advanced lines captured earlier, and now held by the enemy. The bottom of the ditch was stiff blue clay, through which the water trickled. Our feet stuck fast in the sticky stuff, and more than once I had to stop to dig out my shoe. Every few steps we came upon a dead man, nearly always shot through the head. When we finally halted we were not more than a hundred yards from the enemy, and just in front of us was a battery of five pieces, which had been captured and was now turned against us. The artillerymen were busily throwing up earth to protect themselves. Our brigade was ordered to charge the breastworks, and thirteen of us were detailed to go as close to the battery as possible, and pick off the artillerymen to prevent their firing on our troops in the charge. We crept along the ditch some thirty or more yards, and when the order to charge was given, we fired at the artillerymen. Our execution was terrible.

at such close range, and in a few seconds so many were killed or wounded, that the rest ducked down behind their improvised breastworks. They only fired three of their ~~five~~ guns, and these ~~which~~ did no execution; but many of our men, including Maj. Wilson and Lieut Shelby were wounded or killed by the galling infantry fire, and the charge effected little or nothing.

Our firing however, and our exposed position, made us a target for the enemy, and two of our ~~small~~ little party were killed. One of them, ~~Brooks~~ Abner Crews, from this county was near to me. We had made a ~~little~~ furrow with our guns in the top of the ditch bank to protect our heads, and through this we fired alternately. I was waiting for him to shoot, but he was so slow, that I grew impatient and pushed him to attract his attention. We were squatting on a narrow ledge, and my push destroyed his balance. Before I could catch him he toppled over, and as his face turned towards me, I saw a bullet hole ~~just~~ midway between his eyebrows. Our bodies had

been touching from knee to shoulder, but not a quiver did I feel, when his life so suddenly went out.

The killing and wounding of my comrades thoroughly aroused the brutal part of my nature. The desire for revenge made my aim deliberate, and I felt a fiendish delight as I saw a man sink down or tumble over after my shot. Of course there were others firing with me, and I cannot say with certainty that I killed any one. I thank God fervently for this possible doubt! Even now I shudder, I recall the phrensy that possessed me on this occasion, and indeed, in every battle, when the excitement of conflict had overcome the natural fear and dread which always preceded it. The consciousness of danger was lost, and with wounds and death on all sides, the desire to aid in the carnage, became an all engrossing passion. The foulest blasphemy rolled from the tongue – every instinct of humanity was obliterated; – the man was transformed into a raging lion or a ravening wolf. I have seen a prize-fight with all its disgusting concomitants, and I am sure

every old soldier will agree with me, when I declare ~~of this opportunity before a Christian people, and in the house of God — to express~~ my deliberate conviction, that the prize-ring is ~~the quintessence of refinement~~ an object lesson of forbearance and morality, when ~~as~~ compared with the hellish brutality of a battle field.

Several men were left behind in the charge, and these ~~came~~ crawled to us, and cleaned and loaded our guns. One of them, a captain, volunteered to go back to the lines and bring us more ammunition, as ours was exhausted by the continuous firing. He had gone but a few steps, when a shell tore off his arm at the shoulder. I hastened to his assistance, as fast as the sticky mud would let me, but just as I reached him, he fell back in my arms — dead. I went for the ammunition, and when I returned ~~found~~ our volunteer reinforcements had left us, and another of our party had been killed — the whole top of his head torn off.

Annoyed by our destructive fire, the enemy had concentrated their attention upon us, and balls and shells literally rained in our direction. Fortunately we were protected by the ditch, in the bottom of which we crouched, but the artillery ~~tore~~ swept away ~~our~~ the bank and nearly buried us. I was ~~at the~~

at the angle of the ditch nearest the enemy, and happening to glance around in their direction, I saw a party of blue coats, within a few yards of us. The ditch was so narrow they could only walk two abreast, and as they saw my head the two foremost men fired, but missed me. We held our guns out in the ditch, and fired down it for a minute or two, then cautiously peeping round the angle, we saw the ditch clear, except for six or eight men lying on its bottom.

To stay where we were seemed certain death. About twenty yards to our left was an abandoned breastwork, with embrazures for three guns. To reach it however we had to pass over the level ground. We chose a moment when there was a dense smoke from the bursting shells. One of our number was killed in the attempt - completely torn to pieces by a shell. Evidently our movement was unseen, for we had hardly got to our new quarters, when the place we had left was literally torn out of the ground by mortar shells thrown from three batteries on the enemy's lines. I counted thirteen in the air at one time, all converging

to the same spot. Half ~~choked~~ stifled strangled as we were, by the sulphurous fumes, and almost buried by the flying masses of earth, torn up by their explosion, we could not help admiring the beautiful rings of smoke, ascending a hundred or more feet into the air, as the mortars belched them forth on their murderous mission.

In our new position we were exactly between two heavy batteries (which kept up an artillery duel), ~~.~~ It was some time however, before we could realize that we actually saw rifled shells flying through the air. A dark speck would appear out of the smoke from a cannon, and in a second it had grown to a mass apparently as large as a man's head. As it passed over us, we felt faint and gasped for breath in the rarified air.

It was before noon when we shifted our quarters, and we remained (nine of us) alone throughout the day and far into the night. We had enough to eat, if we had been hungry (but such was not the case). Our thirst was insatiable. Again and again one of us would crawl or run to the ditch, and fill several canteens from its foul bottom - full of dead men, and

spattered with blood and brains. But
how ~~cooling and~~ to our parched mouths and throats refreshing that water was!

During the day the enemy made repeated charges on our lines. Fort Mahone was only a few hundred yards to our right, and our enfilading fire did considerable damage to the charging columns. Again and again the attack upon it was repulsed, until the ground in front of it was covered with dead and wounded. Finally when the ammunition of ~~the~~ its garrison was exhausted, the fort was carried just before night by assault, its brave defenders disputing every inch of the ground with the bayonet: — the only time during the war that I ever saw this awkward part of a soldier's accoutrement put to its legitimate use.

All that ~~long~~ day, ~~God's holy Sabbath~~, we shot, and were shot at. Our shoulders were so sore from the rebound of the guns, that we had to pad them with our blankets. Even after night fell, the balls were flying thick and shells bursting about us. After some hours, however, we noticed that the firing was only from the lines of the enemy.

My comrades had put themselves under my direction, and I sent a man back through the ditch, to see what was the matter. He did not return, and fearing he had been killed I went myself, taking another along in case of accident, and arranging a signal to call our companions. We made straight for the bottom behind us, preferring the chance of being shot, to floundering in the mud and stumbling over the dead men in the ditch. We were too stiff to run, but a few minutes brought us to the fort. There was perfect silence inside it. No one responded to our call. We crawled up along side of a gun, and to our horror found it spiked. As I dropped to the ground inside, I stepped on a wounded man, and from him — poor fellow, left all alone there to die — we learned that our troops had evacuated the lines two hours before. The six men we had left responded quickly to our signal, and together we made our way back to Petersburg. The city was in indescribable confusion. Men and women thronged the streets, in every sort of deshabille, — some drunk and cursing,

others to arise and wringing their hands. Many houses were open and deserted, and pieces of household goods littered the sidewalks. Great ~~fires~~ fires were burning in various places. When we reached Pocahontas bridge, some men were pouring turpentine over the flooring. We had hardly crossed, when with a hiss and a roar rising to rushing wind, the long structure burst into flames. As we ascended the hill, the light from the burning bridge and the fires in Petersburg brought out the minutest object in glaring distinctness; and when we got to the top, the glow of burning Richmond, 22 miles away cast our shadows behind us;— while every few minutes the ground trembled and jarred under our feet, as the magazines along the lines were blown up. I fully sympathized with the sentiment expressed by a comrade, that the judgment day had come.

Apparently we had been forgotten up to this time, but here we found a courier awaiting us, with orders to set fire to the stores and ammunition

at Dunlap's Station, on the R. & P. R. R., and then rejoin the army in retreat on the river road. We found the great sheds and long trains of cars already burning in places, and taking only time to spread the fire where cars had not ignited, we hurried on, leaving a number of women and children dragging clothing and provisions out from the flames. As we left, the cars of ammunition began to explode, and we could see women and children blown about in every direction on the ground. The air was filled with burning cartridges, like shooting stars, the balls of which rained down on us. We were all bruised about the head and shoulders, but none of us was seriously hurt, although many shells likewise, exploded or fell around us.

As we got back to the road we could hear again the hoarse huzzas which announced that the enemy had discovered our retreat, and were taking possession of our lines. Presently we caught up with a train of wagons, and scattered out amongst them, trying to steal a ride. I found an ambulance, closely buttoned up all around,

with the driver asleep. Loosening the back curtain, I peeped in, and, in the darkness, made out the forms of two men lying on the bed. I could not hear them breathe, and putting my hand on the head of one, I felt it was cold, and his hair matted and sticky. Both were dead. Finding an oil cloth on the bottom of the ambulance, I spread it over them, and, climbing up, lay down between them. How long I slept I do not know, but some time after daylight I was awakened by the driver, pulling my hair and cursing me for daring to ride in a generals private ambulance. I dont remember his name, but, poor fellow, dead as he was, he had done me a great service, for my cramped and stiffened limbs would never have carried me the long miles I slept and toiled away by his side.

On rejoining our command, we immediately ordered on the skirmish line. Without food or rest, we were busily engaged in forcing wagons and horses out of the deep mud, or repelling attacks of the enemy's cavalry on the long wagon train.

At Amelia C. H. we were drawn up in line to await an attack. I was ~~with the skirmishers~~, leaning on a rail fence surrounding a grove of large oaks. A lot of caissons and ammunition wagons were hauled into the ~~woods~~ grove, and some artillerymen ~~were cutting~~ the wheels, and boxes of ammunition to pieces with axes. I was so tired I hardly noticed what was going on, when suddenly I found myself lying on my back breathless, with rails piled over me, and I could see wheels, and pieces of ammunition chests and great branches of trees sailing in the air away above me, while shells were bursting in every direction. The great pile of ammunition had exploded, whether designedly or not, I do not know. One of our skirmishers had a leg broken, and all of us were stunned and bruised, but much more damage was done in our line of battle several hundred yards behind us. The enemy did not appear, so we skirmishers were again sent to our tiresome task of protecting wagon trains. Several nights we acted as rear guard, and tried ineffectually to keep up the stragglers. They lay

asleep, singly or in squads, in the woods and fields where they had dropped — dispirited and exhausted, — and outnumbered us a hundred to one. They had thrown away their guns, and only encumbered us, so we left them lying as they were.

In one of our skirmishes with the cavalry, the shank of my shoe was cut through by a ball, and the bottom of my foot badly bruised. I was stooping forward, — the pain jerked my knee up till it struck my chin, and I bit my tongue most painfully. For a moment, I was sure I was wounded all over. Another time the blanket on my shoulder was cut and torn nearly in two by a ball. Later on, however, I got another blanket. Some cavalry that we had driven from the wagon train, made a stand at a house on a little hill. As we advanced against them over an open field one of them shot at me eighteen times with his carbine. I danced about pretty lively, dodging his balls, but managed meanwhile to load my gun, and as he turned, I sent my bullet through his

thigh, and killed his horse. His comrades helped him off, but on his saddle I found a splendid ~~poor~~ blanket to make good the loss of mine.

The cavalry still hung around, and we found that they had forced the lady of the house to cook their breakfast. While some of us fought them off the rest of us ate their rations — the only meal we had the whole way from Petersburg to Appomattox. The kitchen had a window towards the enemy, and doubtless in revenge for the loss of their breakfast, they kept up a constant fire at that window. The balls ~~pattered~~ whizzed through it and struck the other side of the room, but that brave woman never stooped, as she passed the window in going ~~scurried~~ from the fireplace to the table.

The bridge across Sailor's creek had broken down and hundreds of our wagons were detained. The enemy was pressing us hotly, and Genl Gordon rallied three or four hundred of us, to protect the wagons. We formed a horse-

shoe with the curve to the front, and by his orders, held our fire until the enemy, charging our whole line, were only a few yards from us. Such destruction I never saw. Nearly every man was on the ground, but some were only playing off, because they joined the fresh regiments which came up to a second charge. We repeated our tactics, and again drove them back with terrible loss. In the mean time however they had brought up their artillery, and seeing further resistence was hopeless Genl Gordon gave us orders to save ourselves, he showing us the way by galloping his horse down the hill, and fording the creek. We followed as fast as we could, with shells hurtling and bursting over our heads.

That night we were twice sent across the high bridge near Farmville to repel the approaching enemy. The last time as we started back to the Farmville side, a panic ensued, and in an instant the bridge was a mass of wriggling humanity, wedged so tightly that moving and even

breathing, seemed impossible. Many were trampled under foot, and one man I saw forced up above our shoulders, cling for a moment to the parapet, and with a wild scream, disappear over the side. Next morning at Farmville, some packages of French soup material, done up in tin foil were issued – the only rations I received during the seven days of the retreat. I got a lump of dried onions about as large as two fingers, and was munching them ~~onions~~ industriously, when shots were heard just in our front, and the bugle called the skirmishers to advance. The enemy's skirmish line had crept within fifty yards of us, but being unsupported, they slowly gave way before us, for a mile or more. At such close range their fire was very effective, and a number of our men, including the officer in command were killed or wounded.

Our line became much scattered, and in pursuing a man in my front, I found myself with only two comrades in sight, on a little eminence overlooking a field, in which were two railroad cuts. My man dropped his gun, and falling to the ground he rolled over

and over, ~~disappeared~~ down the hill until he tumbled into the second of the two cuts. Thinking I could capture a prisoner — you remember he had dropped his gun, I called my two comrades, to head him off and ran to the further end of the cut. Just before I reached it, a mounted officer dashed out of the other end. He lay flat on his horse's neck, and as I fired at him, I saw the blue fuzz fly from his back, but he rode on apparently uninjured. (I learned afterwards that he was a major-general from Pittsburg Pa.)

Stepping on to the railroad, I found ~~it~~ the cut full of blue coats, every one with his hands up, and crying, "Dont shoot, Johnnie! We give up, Johnnie, For God's sake, dont shoot!" To say I was surprised would be begin to express my feelings. If one of them had pointed a gun at me, it would have afforded me infinite pleasure, under the circumstances, to give up myself, but they seemed so anxious, that I leveled my gun at them, and with a variety of emphatic and peremptory expletives hurried them out, before they had a chance to change their minds. As we got out of the cut my two comrades, and eight others who had come up joined me. In the second cut were some

more equally willing to give up, and we drove them all out before us. Then one of our prisoners, looking around on us in surprise exclaimed, "Why is this all of you? You yelled so, we thought Lee's whole army was after us!" They were enlightened too late. I reckon we ought to have pitied the poor fellows, but we didn't have time, for within three or four hundred yards of us, came another line of their skirmishers at the top of their speed, calling on their comrades to stop, and cursing and threatening to shoot us. We jeered them and dared them to shoot, knowing they'd hit a dozen of their men to every one of us. But we didn't feel as funny as we pretended, for in spite of all our urging, and threatening, and jabbing with guns, our prisoners would stumble and blunder and go slow, and the enemy's line was within fifty yards of us, when Genl Gordon saw our predicament, and sent a force to our relief. Once behind our own men, we took it leisurely, and counted our prisoners. We had 102, 21 commissioned officers, several still carrying their swords,

a dozen or more non-commissioned officers, and the rest privates, composing the better part of the veteran 59th N. Y., and the 7th Michigan regiments.

Genl Gordon complimented us, and told us to turn over our prisoners to the provost guard, but we didn't very hard try to find them ~~very~~ at once. Our prisoners were clever fellows, and gladly shared with us, the rations they had in their ~~our~~ haversacks. Stopping at a little branch to rest and wash our powder-begrimed faces, we found to our surprise and our captives' intense disgust, that only one ~~man~~ many of our eleven had a load in his gun.

When we got back to the rear, a stout colonel, whose spotless uniform and white complexion had not been acquired in field service undertook to ~~thunder~~ pull the blanket off the shoulder of one of the prisoners with whom I was chatting. I only said "Don't", but I very solemnly ~~pointed~~ aimed my gun at the most prominent part of his well-filled uniform — and he didn't ~~but turned sadly away~~.

Now the next day or two passed, I hardly

know. We were constantly fighting on the skirmish line, but so worn-out, and hungry, and sleepy, that my recollection is a maze of physical and mental misery. I can remember our skirmish line lying in front of a battery in action, to protect it against a charge of the enemy, when the premature bursting of a shell from one of our guns, tore open the head of a comrade, and spattered his brains over me. Then too, I remember coming across Dr. Shaffner one night at a camp fire, and his kind gift of a piece of cold corn bread. It was all he had to give, but it was a God-send to me. He also took charge of an officer's belt and pistol I had captured some days before, and brought them home for me.

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~~It was all he had, but it was a God-send to me~~
~~kind gift of a piece of cold corn bread. He~~
~~told me he was going home soon on furlough and~~
~~took charge of the officer's belt and pistol I had captured taken~~
~~from a prisoner, some days before~~.

As we trudged wearily along before day one morning, we were startled by the sounds of a conflict in front of us. All our fighting up to this time, had been with the enemy on our flanks and rear. We were hurried forward and just at dawn, we reached a little cross-roads village — Appomattox C. H. We were deployed in skirmish line and within half a mile, came upon a strong force of the enemy, drawn up in line of battle, and supported by artillery. After feeling

their position, we were ordered back to the Court House. My old brigade, a few hundred strong had just come up, and were wheeling into line, as Genl Lee rode close by us. He looked ~~as~~ care-worn and haggard ~~and haggard~~. The boys broke out into their usual cheer of welcome, but his only response was shading his face with his hat, and bowing his head almost to the mane of his familiar old gray horse, Traveler, and I saw the tears trickle down his cheeks. It was my last sight of ~~my~~ our beloved and revered commander.

The line was ordered forward, and as we were deployed on their left, we could see the whole movement. It was my fortune to witness several charges during the war, including the famous third days ~~charge~~ attack on the heights at Gettysburg, but I never saw one so magnificently executed, as this. ~~It was worthy the Carolina's last oblation to the fame of the Army of Northern Virginia.~~ Our men dressed as perfectly as though ~~last oblation to the fame of the Army of Northern~~ on parade, and as the shells and grape shot ploughed through their ranks, the files closed up without the slightest faltering.

Presently they broke into a double quick, and with the old-time yell and an irresistible rush, they carried the enemy's position, capturing several guns and a number of prisoners. It was North Carolina's last oblation to the fame of the Army of Northern Virginia.

In the mean time we, on the skirmish line, became engaged with some dismounted cavalry. A man named Long from Gadsden Co., and myself had gotten to a small house, and were firing from the corner of it. I ~~had just~~ shot at three men, who were crossing a ditch on a rail, less than a hundred yards away. The middle man dropped into the ditch, and I noticed his companions draw him up and lay him on the bank, crossing his hands, and covering his face with his ~~buck-tail~~ hat.

Just at this moment several balls whistled over us from our rear, and turning round, we saw five of the enemy's cavalry at the yard fence, within ~~a hundred~~ fifty feet of us. Our skirmish line was several hundred yards behind them, in full retreat, so we could do nothing but surrender.

I bent my faithful old gun under the house,

and narrowly escaped being shot by my captors for the senseless act. After some cursing and pawing it however they contented themselves ~~by~~ with taking my hat (one of old Tom Boer's rabbit fur) and the good blanket I had captured a few days before. Their moderation was due to the fact that nothing else I had seemed to them worth taking.

One of them ~~took~~ conducted Long and myself towards their advancing lines. We passed by the poor fellow I had shot. His coat was torn in the centre of his breast, and between his folded hands, the frothy blood had welled up. I could not resist the impulse, and gently raising his hat, I gazed on a boyish, beardless face, whose peaceful expression was marred only by the stony stare of his reproachful eyes. ~~For thirty years I have seen those eyes, and they still ask me the same question: "Why did I hate, and in hatred kill a fellow being, whom I had never seen, and who had done me and mine no injury?"~~. I have learned by heart all the sophisms that parade of

of patriotism, fighting for the right, defending homes and firesides &c., &c., but ~~would~~ I am by no means sure, that a just God, who has commanded, "Thou shalt ~~not kill~~ do no murder," will be satisfied with such empty platitudes?

On our way out, we met Genl Sheridan, who seemed to me a coarse-featured, short necked, chunky man, with a redundant length of arms ~~and legs~~, and riding a horse two or three sizes too large for him. Long and myself were so tired and worn out that we had to hang on to the saddle skirts of our guard. Our strange appearance attracted ~~the~~ the Generals attention, and halting us, he asked me how many men Genl Lee had with him.

I had not the remotest idea, but I told him seventy or eighty thousand,— and he invited me to the bad place with a fluency and versatility of expression that indicated a thorough acquaintance with the resources of profanity. Everybody knows Sheridan was a great soldier. I have since been told he was handsome. He may have been. I was a better judge of cursing, in those days, than I was of good looks.

expression that indicated a thorough acquaintance with the resources of profanity.

Just before we met Genl Sheridan, we noticed that firing had ceased on the lines, and we could recognize Genl Gordon, with another man carrying a white flag, riding towards the little white house, where we were captured. There Sheridan and Gordon met, and shortly afterwards we were informed that Genl Lee had surrendered our army.

Later on I learned the advisability of being civil to a darkey behind a gun. ~~We met a colored soldier and~~ I foolishly replied to some of his taunts, when without warning he leveled his gun at my head. I remember looking into that gun barrel, and closed my eyes in expectation of immediate death. ~~[illegible]~~ guard spoilt his aim by cutting his head open with a sabre, and the charge passed harmlessly over my shoulder.

We were kept prisoners for a week, and during that time we had nothing given us to eat. ~~Grant~~ Hampton's cavalry had destroyed Grant's wagon trains, and our captors had not enough for themselves. How we chewed roots, and bark, and buds, and sucked the inside of our grimy haversacks, and skewered up our waist-bands, and drank water by the gallon to lessen the aching void of hunger, is ~~a~~ painful to remember and to tell about prosy and monotonous.

~~not interest you~~. One day a poor fellow prisoner, who felt himself dying, gave me a couple of square rips, in returning for some little attention I had shown him. I don't know how he had got them, or how long he had carried them, but they were so soft they didn't need chewing, and the most of the meat had stuck fast to his dirty haversack, but you may be sure I didn't lose any of it on that account.

Many of our friends who had been paroled at Appomattox C. H., passed us with pleasant greetings. One of them on horseback overtook ~~Genl Grimes~~ my division commander, and told him I was a prisoner. Although he was on his way home, he rode back three miles to intercede for my release. It availed nothing, but I shall never forget his kindness. I grieved for a friend indeed, when the ball of an ambushed assassin brought his gallant life to an untimely close long after the war.

I will not weary you with an account of our return home. We were paroled at Farmville, and walked by slow stages, on account of our weakness, to Clover Station on the R. & D. R. R., where we ~~struck~~ found a train begging food by the way – sometimes welcomed – often repulsed, we

that carried us to Danville. Here we ~~stopped~~ appropriated a construction train, and standing on a flat car, rode to a burned bridge ten miles from Greensboro. Walking on, I reached home the second morning thereafter. I had been mourned for as dead. Some of my company had taken the description given by a burying detail, of a young fellow resembling me, and marked his grave with a board, on which they carved my name. My welcome home may be imagined.

I had lost 38 lbs in the three weeks since we left Petersburg, and was so emaciated and filthy that my father did not at first recognize me. As I emerged from the nasty underclothing I had worn, night and day, for seven consecutive weeks, and donned clean garments, and again sat in a chair, and ate with a fork, and drank water from a glass, and joined in the family prayers, and slept in a bed, all the glamour and illusions of the pomp, and pride, and glory and circumstance of glorious war, were forever dispelled. I certainly wasn't built for a soldier.

I don't want to impugn the veracity, nor would I curtail the pleasure of those old soldiers who

speak and write so enthusiastically of the duty of patriotism and the glory of war. But I must express my selfish regret that they so successfully concealed their real feelings at the time. If any single one, among the thousands I saw, felt at all happy or contented, he failed utterly to show it. I know, if I had been half as badly scared as everybody ~~else~~ around me looked, I never would have stayed to go into a single battle.

~~But I may have misjudged them. I never saw any fun or glory in a battle, but then I was only a private, and I know I wasn't built for a soldier.~~

~~Speaking for myself~~ ~~For my part I have no pleasant recollections of the war. To my mind appear only sad and gloomy memories: — the forms of my comrades and friends, hurried to an untimely death by disease and wounds, left a prey to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, — at best hastily and unceremoniously shoveled into a shallow trench, if left alive, or crippled and maimed and ruined in health and usefulness; — the privations and sufferings from~~

Speaking for myself, I have few pleasant recollections of the war. To my mind come only sad, and grim, and gloomy memories:— the forms of my comrades and friends, hurried to an untimely death by disease and wounds— left a prey to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field,— at best, hastily and unceremoniously shoveled into a shallow trench;— if haply surviving— maimed, and crippled, and marred in health and usefulness:— the privations and sufferings from

fatigue and hunger, and heat and cold, and filth and nakedness; — ~~the~~ in comfortless camp, ~~the~~ on toilsome march, ~~the~~ in ruthless conflict, ~~the~~ in loathsome hospital, ~~the~~ in pitiless prison; — ~~the~~ fields deserted, homesteads and towns pillaged and burned, graves violated, sanctuaries ~~polluted~~ defiled, Sabbaths desecrated; — the havoc and ruin, the wanton waste and destruction, the merciless carnage; — the unutterable agony of heart-rending grief that hung like the smoke of torment over tens of thousands of blasted homes; — the abomination of desolation!

May justice and righteousness dwell in this land, — may mutual toleration and forbearance take the place of sectional jealousy and bitterness, — may the God of Love so completely fill the hearts and minds of ~~this~~ this people, that the God of battles can never more find room in their thoughts; — may the reign of the Prince of Peace speedily begin, and his blessed dominion extend over all God's beautiful earth! ——

Henry T. Bahnson Co. B. 1st N. C. Battn. Sharpshoot

In Memoriam

Henry Theodore Bahnson

1845 — 1917

My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. 2 Cor. 12:9.

Henry Theodore Bahnson

Born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania
March 4th, 1845

Died in Winston-Salem, North Carolina
January 16th, 1917

THE SILVER CORD LOOSED

In the passing of Dr. Henry Theodore Bahnson, Winston-Salem loses a gentleman whose life has been an inspiration to the community. The highest principles of gentility were exemplified in his daily life while he was with us. Truly, he was a man of charming courtesy; a Christian gentleman whose ruling passion was nobility of purpose and purity of life.

Dr. Bahnson was one of those rare spirits that are occasionally sent into the world to show the dignity to which mankind can attain by hearing only the call of that which is noble and uplifting. A man of versatile talents and wide experience, he could see the best in the men with whom he came in contact. He gave freely of the rich gifts with which he was endowed.

He was known widely in North Carolina and other States as one of the State's leading physicians and surgeons. His life in this community was a life of service. He had learned long ago the lessons of love and of service.

It is in moments when sadness reigns in a community that people realize more and more that a beautiful life is the most precious thing that any man can place upon the altar of his city, State, and country. While in the words of the Scripture, "the dust shall return unto dust", the hundreds who have been inspired by Dr. Bahnson's noble life among us, know that the "spirit has returned unto God who gave it".—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

DOCTOR BAHNSON

Not alone the medical fraternity of North Carolina, but the people as a whole, will experience a feeling of deep regret at the death of Dr. Henry T. Bahnson, at his home in Winston-Salem, Tuesday afternoon. Doctor Bahnson was one of the really excellent men of the State, both in professional and private life. He was a man of deep learning and polished manners, and of a personality that commanded the admiration of all with whom he came in contact. He held an honored place in the annals of the medical profession of the State. He filled a valuable place in the community life of Winston-Salem, where his virtues were best known and therefore of highest appreciation, but throughout the entire State he had admirers who will sincerely mourn his departure.—*Charlotte Observer.*

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY FORSYTH MEDICAL SOCIETY

At a special meeting of the Forsyth County Medical Society, held Tuesday evening, January 16, 1917, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the Forsyth County Medical Society desires to place on record the great loss it has sustained in the death of Dr. Henry T. Bahnson, its senior member.

For many years Dr. Bahnson has been the leading member of our society and has always stood in the front rank of our profession. We recall with much love and gratitude his many noble traits of character, both as a physician and as a man. With a heart ever ready to the appeal for aid, with discerning mind and skilful hand, he has never failed the call of a professional brother when in need of assistance, and he always brought hope and comfort to the friends of the patient, even when his efforts to resist the hand of Death were in vain.

We admire and respect the firm stand he always took to uphold and protect the dignity of his profession. His voice was ever ready in condemnation of a violation of its ethics, though his heart made him slow in asking punishment for an erring brother.

His geniality and ultra-etiquette as a friend and host is well known to all who have had the privilege of being entertained within his gates.

We desire to express to the members of his family our respectful sympathy in their deep grief and to bespeak for them the consolation that he has gained the reward for a fight well fought and a case that is won.

Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our society; that a copy be furnished the daily papers; and that a copy be sent the family of the deceased.

R. D. JEWETT,
D. N. DALTON,
A. DE T. VALK,
Committee.

Funeral Services

Dr. Henry T. Bahnson

January 18th, 1917

THE SERVICE AT THE RESIDENCE

Litany For the Burial of the Dead

By Rev. J. K. Pfohl and Rev. H. E. Rondthaler

O Lord, our God, in whom we live and move and have our being,

Have mercy upon us.

O Lord, our God, who turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men,

Be gracious unto us.

O Lord, our God, who dost not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men,

Bless and comfort us, we humbly pray.

Holy Father, accept us as thy children in thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, who came forth from thee, and came into the world, was made flesh, and dwelt among us, took on him the form of a servant, and hath redeemed us lost and undone human creatures from all sin and from death, with his holy and precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying; to the end that we should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him in eternal righteousness, innocence and happiness; forasmuch as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end:

Amen.

Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away.

Thou Saviour of the world! So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's; for to this end Christ both died and rose and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

O Lord, what wait we for? Our hope is in thee.

Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.

The Lord raiseth them that are bowed down.

He relieveth the fatherless and widow.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Blessed be his glorious name forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: Amen.

Hymn 366: "Jesus Makes My Heart Rejoice"

Jesus makes my heart rejoice,
I'm his sheep and know his voice;
He's a shepherd kind and gracious,
And his pastures are delicious;
Constant love to me he shows,
Yea, my worthless name he knows.

Trusting his mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treasure
Of his grace in richest measure;
When athirst to him I cry
Living water he'll supply.

Should not I for gladness leap
Led by Jesus as his sheep?
For when these blest days are over,
To the arms of my dear Saviour,
I shall be conveyed to rest;
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

Prayer by Bishop Rondthaler:

Oh! most merciful Lord, our compassionate Saviour, Thou who seest all things, Thou knowest what we must do now. We

must carry this beloved physician away from his office, in which through the years he has relieved so much suffering; we must carry out of this house husband and father, who loved them all so well and so faithfully, and was so dearly loved in return. Help and comfort us all according to our present need; help us, our Father, in this solemn and tender and heart-appealing moment; help us to think less of the going out and more of the coming in. The little boy of the family has already come into the open door of his Father's house; the dear daughter has, in her day and hour, entered through the golden gateway, and now, in his turn, the father of the family has likewise been received into the house where the many mansions are. And now may we through faith in Jesus Christ, and by His grace, so follow on, that we may come through that same open door, where the separations of earth shall have been transfigured into the reunions of heaven through the sweet mercy of Jesus Christ who loved us, and gave Himself for us. Amen.

SERVICE AT THE CHURCH

Funeral March.....**Chopin**

Dean H. A. Shirley

Solo by Mrs. W. J. Hege: "He Knows the Way"

He knows the way, so long and dreary,
That leads unto the perfect day;
And I will trust Him with glad confiding,
Content to think "He knows the way".

Through clouds and sunshine He leads me still,
I only trust, from day to day.
Whate'er befalls me I fear no ill;
My Father guides me—He knows the way.

And when the clouds hang heavy o'er me,
They are illumed by Hope's bright ray;
I know God's sunshine lies just beyond them,
And all the bright eternal day

Through clouds and sunshine He leads me still,
I only trust, from day to day.
Whate'er befalls me I fear no ill;
My Father guides me—He knows the way.

Scripture Reading by Dr. H. A. Brown

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience;

And patience, experience; and experience, hope;

And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

But God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.

For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son; much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.

And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.

—Romans 5: 1 to 11

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

—Revelations 7: 13 to 17

Memoir: Read by Bishop Rondthaler

Our departed friend and brother, Dr. Henry Theodore Bahnson, was the son of Bishop George Frederic and Sr. Ann Gertrude Pauline Bahnson, m. n. Conrad. He was a member of a large family, all of whom have entered into rest, with the exception of one surviving brother, the Rev. George Frederic Bahnson, pastor of the Moravian Church at Coopersburg, Penn.

Our departed brother was born in Lancaster, Penn., on March 4th, 1845, and was baptized in his infancy. When he was four years of age, his father was called to the pastorate of the Moravian Congregation at Salem, N. C., where, in after years, he became the Southern Bishop of his Church, rendering memorable service, in maintaining hope and courage among his people during the terrible ordeal of the Civil War. His son was destined to become, like his father, an eminent citizen and servant of his community, which, throughout his life, he loved as his home.

As a boy, he attended the old Salem Boys' School, from which he was transferred in 1858 to the well-known Moravian institution of Nazareth Hall in Pennsylvania, whence he passed for his further education into the Moravian College and Theological Seminary at Bethlehem. One who remembers him from those early years recalls his alert frame and his bright and beautiful face, giving promise of a career which a long life has now worthily fulfilled.

The year 1862 brought with it for him, as for the young manhood of the country, a momentous change. Early in the year he returned home, and, at once, volunteered into the Confederate Army. Then came the stirring years of service under General Lee in the famous Army of Northern Virginia. He was, at first, a private in Company G, Second North Carolina Battalion of Infantry. He was captured at Gettysburg, and imprisoned in Baltimore City jail, and Point Lookout, Maryland, for a period of six months—a short period, but one which sowed the seed of intense suffering in many and subsequent years. In January, 1864, he was exchanged and in the course of the year was transferred into Company B, First North Carolina Battalion of Sharpshooters, in which he became known for his fearless spirit in many a terrible encounter. He was with General Lee to the day of the surrender, at Appomattox,—bright and active and unshaken to the very last hour before the coming disaster. It was in this final struggle that he was appointed Captain of the Sharpshooters, but, as the commission could not be delivered, he was able on many a happy occasion in his later life to refer to himself as the only surviving private in the Civil War. Paroled at Appomattox, he walked the long way home, arriving weary, sick and hungry at his father's door, and given up for dead, in April, 1865. Active and fearless as he had been on the great scenes of warfare, and deeply interested, all his life, in the veterans of the conflict, and in their memorial occasions, his sympathetic spirit shrank with a peculiar horror from what he had seen and endured, so that for years he could hardly be persuaded to refer to these events, and especially to his own part in them; and when, at last, the ice was somewhat broken, his occasional addresses and papers—written in beautiful and vivid style—breathe out a tone of sympathy for all who suffered, whether with him or against him, which make them to be among the choicest pieces of our great war literature.

The war over, he began to prepare himself for the profession which he had chosen. In 1867 he graduated in the medical course in the University of Pennsylvania, and received, in addition, his diploma in Practical and Surgical Anatomy—the line in which he himself became specially eminent, and in which he earned the lifelong friendship of the great specialist under whom he had been instructed, Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, of Philadelphia. Next he went abroad and studied at the Universities of Berlin, Prague and Utrecht, and finally returning home in 1869, entered upon his medical practice in Salem, North Carolina. His long service is a part of the medical history of his community, and of Western Carolina. The writer was once with him, on a distant pleasure journey, when a child was presented to the doctor, with a pitiful, distorted, suffering face. We can never forget how, under his sympathetic and skilful touch, the signs of suffering were smoothed away, a quick stitch here and there, or slight incision gave the little face a pleasing human look once more. It was as if a wonder had been wrought before our very eyes. So he went in and out for nearly fifty years among the sick and suffering. What he was for the needy, for the widow, for God's ministering servants, probably no one will ever know or even guess at, except, perhaps, some pastor whose work might lead him into the same homes and into similar occasions for service. Some thirty years ago he became the physician of the Salem Academy

and College. This appointment grew into a wide field for his peculiar gifts and capacities. He had a native genius for diagnosis, perfected by long study and practice, so that he became a very precious help to those in charge by skilful advice, which either comforted friends at a distance, or warned them of unexpected dangers in the case of their children. He loved the institution and cherished its students. As a lover of flowers, his own rich stores were at the frequent disposal of the "Academy" on its great occasions, and of its pupils in times of illness. His last notable service was in the Spring of 1916, when he led the completely successful effort to ward off a threatening epidemic from the College, an effort so wisely planned and carried out as to earn the commendation both of Federal and State inspectors and to deserve the lasting gratitude both of the institution and of the community.

Such a career naturally called for wide commendation both at home and abroad. He was, at the time of his death, Local Surgeon of the Southern Railway, and also Chief Surgeon of the Southbound Railway Company. He had been President of the Association of Surgeons of the Southern Railway, President of the North Carolina Medical Society, President of the State Board of Health; Secretary of the State Board of Medical Examiners; Member of the Board of Directors of the State Hospital at Morganton, Member of the American Public Health Association, of the Tri-State Medical Association, Honorary Member of the Virginia and other Medical Societies, and at time of his departure his nomination lay before the Board for fellowship in the American College of Surgeons.

Our departed friend and brother had been married to Miss Adelaide de Schweinitz, daughter of Bishop de Schweinitz, on November 3rd, 1870. The young wife was quickly called from his side, on August 3rd, 1871. His second marriage on April 14th, 1874, was to Miss Emma C. Fries. Their union was blessed with six children. Twice the shadow of death came to rest on this household, the little son Henry was called away, and the lovely daughter Carrie has long since gone to the Saviour. Four children survive—Messrs. Frederic F. and Agnew Bahnson, Mrs. Holt Haywood, of New York, and Miss Pauline Bahnson. It was a most affectionate family circle, and one in which helpers and dependents were most kindly considered. And the end corresponded with the way in which they had journeyed together, wife and daughter and

the sons were in constant attendance in and around the sufferer's sick chamber. The daughter living at a distance came when she could, and received her father's smile of recognition at the end of her long journey, less than an hour before he died. Helpers, nurses and physicians vied with each other to relieve the sufferings of one who had relieved so many others.

Doctor Bahnson had been baptized in his infancy; he was confirmed in the First Church of Philadelphia on July 29, 1866. His religious convictions had been deepened during the war; he had read the Greek New Testament through from cover to cover, as he carried it in his knapsack through the weary marches of the long campaign. These convictions abode with him for a lifetime. The reading of the Scriptures and family devotions were the steady and unfailing rule of his life, and his character and the practice of his profession corresponded with his religious Christian views. He entered freely into religious interests, and was one of the most faithful subscribers to the Young Men's Christian Association. He dearly loved the Church of his father and mother, served in its various offices, liberally aided in its work; was a member of its College and Theological Seminary Board to the time of his departure.

For years our dear friend and brother had been a sufferer, to whom occasional journeys and seasons of recreation afforded but partial relief and to whom outdoor life, almost to the end, proved to be the main and blessed tonic of refreshment. Amid increasing physical burdens, he resolutely continued his medical work, until, at last, on September 8th, 1916, the weary frame had to cease from its lifelong toil. The valley of the shadow through which he must needs pass proved long and dark with suffering, though to the end, with characteristic fortitude, he rejected as far as possible the medicines calculated to relieve what was almost unendurable; having faced death so often, he wanted to be brave to the last. But there was more than fortitude to sustain him, there was faith. One of the last days of his life he was pondering the Saviour's promised grace, the *"promise"* as he faintly gasped it out from praying, dying lips. And so it came to pass, that while the blessing of the Lord and of the Church was being laid

upon his dying head, he almost imperceptibly entered into rest at 1:55 P. M., Tuesday, January 16th, 1917, at the age of 71 years, 10 months and 12 days.

Hark, hark my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore.
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life, where sin shall be no more;

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!"
And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Funeral Address—By Bishop Rondthaler

My brethren, my friends: The other evening I was standing beside the remains of my lifelong friend, and was looking upon his face and upon his form as they lay before me beautiful even in death. I then felt that in a sense I was very near to him and yet, in another sense, that he was so very far removed. I felt that I could easily touch the arm upon whose friendly faithfulness I had so often leaned in times of urgent need, during the long years, and yet the scenes of eternity already lay wide and far between him and me. So it is, my brethren, we are traveling life's paths; we are working our way through life's experiences; we are joying, we are sorrowing, we are toiling as best we can; and yet, all the while, my brothers, we are traveling, we are toiling, we are joying, we are sorrowing along the very edge of that which stretches like a vast sea, into the great Beyond, into the Eternal. Do we think about it, my brethren, do we think about it often enough? Do we think about it, my brethren, do we think about it often enough?

Do we realize the fact of the nearness of the other world, sufficiently to be able to touch that which is divine and immortal, in the way of obedience to Jesus Christ, the divine and immortal Lord? My brethren, you who adorn your medical profession amongst us, with your skilful and faithful services, I am sure you often feel what I am now going to say, how a patient lies before you for whom you have done all that medical knowledge and skill enable you to do; you feel that you have now come to the end of all your resources; you know that your patient cannot live this mortal life very much longer; perhaps the very next moment will bring the end. And what then? Does it not thrill your soul sometimes, in such a case, to remember that there is another Physician, the blessed Saviour, who can take up your work, the very best that you have been able to do for your patient, and give him health and peace in the great Beyond, on the very edge of which you stand as you give your last ministry to your dying brother?

Then the vast Beyond that sometimes seems so distant, my brethren, is brought very near to you and me, and to all of us.

On the second last evening of our dear Doctor's life he was facing all these mysteries in the light of faith, of faith in Jesus Christ his Saviour; he was conning over those memorable words of our Lord, to his Apostles: "My grace is sufficient for you, for my strength is made perfect in weakness", and though his voice was very faint and feeble they heard him say, as if he were saying it to himself, "the promise, the promise, the promise".

My brethren and friends, some of you are the surviving war comrades of our departed brother; some of you have been his associates in the noble art of healing; some of you have been the recipients of his skilled and faithful care as your medical adviser; some of you have, perhaps, enjoyed—as very many have done—his charitable services. Let me say, in closing, a word to you all, as I stand over the remains of one of my oldest friends, and let me say it out of the last experiences of this beloved physician, that faith in Jesus is all-sufficient. It is soft and gentle as a silken thread, and yet it is as strong as a fibre of steel. It is faith which grasps the *promise,* of which our dear dying friend spoke: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in thy weakness."

Solo by Rev. J. K. Pfohl, Pastor

Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But oh the joy when I awake
Within the palace of the King.

Chorus

And I shall see him face to face
And tell the story saved by grace!
And I shall see him face to face
And tell the story—saved by grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall,
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be;
But this I know—my All in all
Has now a place in heav'n for me.

Some day! Till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
That when my Saviour opes the gate
My soul to Him may take its flight.

Prayer—Rev. H. E. Rondthaler: Our Heavenly Father, look Thou upon us now with tender nearness in this hour when we seek affectionately to do those last offices to the remains of our dear friend, and in Thy sympathy and pity help us now to look beyond those things which are mortal and to see those things which are immortal, and to seek Thee, Thou who art our God and Thou who dost draw near us because Thy strength is made perfect in our weakness and because Thy grace is sufficient.

We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, for all that this hour means to us, for the loving recollections of Thy servant our dear, dear friend. We thank Thee for those many evidences of courage, of which we have again been reminded in this hour. We thank Thee for having had the opportunity to know Thy servant in so many intimate and affectionate ways, as our neighbor, and as a good friend through all these years and as our physician, and we thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, for all the comfort, strength and encouragement this dear friend has been to us in so many ways during all these years.

We pray Thee, that when we shall again return to the accustomed ways of our daily life, yet with one absent, who has been so much with us, we pray that all the strength, all the sweetness and all the spirituality of this moment may remain with us and make us to see life in Thy light, and make us to know Thee and to have a faith in God that will leave us quiet and comforted every day and will lead us to the end and enable us ourselves to find Thy strength made perfect in our weakness.

Hear our prayer, Lord, be with us, Oh! be with us now, in Jesus' name we ask. Amen.

Hymn: "Abide With Me"

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

SERVICES AT THE GRAVE

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever: Amen.

Lord, God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.
By thy human birth,
By thy prayers and tears,
By all the troubles of thy life,
By the grief and anguish of thy soul,
By thine agony and bloody sweat,
By thy bonds and scourgings,
By thy crown of thorns,
By thine ignominious crucifixion,
By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By thy atoning death,
By thy rest in the grave,
By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By thy divine presence,
By thy coming again to thy church on earth, or our being called home to thee.
Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.
Lord, God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us forever.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Therefore, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yet, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Amen.

Now to the earth let these remains
In hope committed be,
Until the body changed attains
Blest immortality.

We poor sinners pray,
Hear us gracious Lord and God;

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the Church triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labors. *Amen.*

Glory be to him who is the Resurrection and the Life, who quickeneth us, while in this dying state, and, after we have obtained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more.

Glory be to him in the church which waiteth for him, and in that which is around him, forever and ever. *Amen.*

The Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Thus well arrayed I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*